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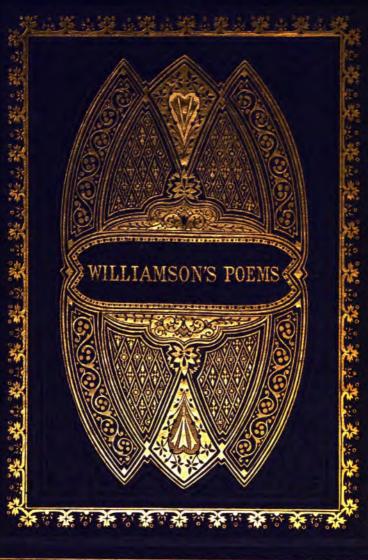
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" Five spirits with as varied missions flee, To form for earth a happy destiny."

Meaben's Abangel

AND

OTHER POEMS,

BY

HENRY WILLIAMSON.

LONDON:

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL AND CO., STATIONERS' HALL COURT.

HUDDERSFIELD :-GEO. TINDALL, 12, NEW-STREET.

1865.

280. K. 172.

GEO. TINDALL, PRINTER, HUDDERSFIELD.



Medication.

O bird is cheery when the days Are hung with mourning drapery Of angry clouds that ruthless sweep Through the affrighted, yielding air; But when the merry, laughing Sun Chides the disturbers of his reign, Each winged songster gains fresh power, And richer, purer melody. As when fair Amphion touch'd his lyre A city rose at the sweet sound, So Love can make the dreariest place A mirror of blest Paradise. Then, Dearest Wife, of thee I pray Accept my little book of song! For thus I think that the who tends The little plot where flowrets lurk, May surely in the sunny days Claim the sweet perfume as her own.

Errata.

Page 4, line 8, for "became" read become.

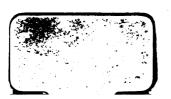
- ,, 41, ,, 2, for "Gilds with its gladness" read Gilds it with gladness.
- ,, 87, line 1, for "worlding" read worldling.
- ,, 137, line 11, for "hath" read had.
- ,, 149, line 3, omit "is."

Preface.

F I made a hundred apologies for venturing my little book of song upon the world, it would not deter the Critic from exercising his useful duty, nor blind the Public to a proper discernment of its character. Besides, if I acknowledge a long catalogue of serious faults or drawbacks, and my confession be sincere, shall I not be indirectly condemning myself, and affording the best reason why I should not have published my poems at all? I will say then at once, with a full sense of much imperfection, that here I have given of my best, and that as it is the offspring of my communings with Nature and with my own heart, I trust it will find, in some degree, an echo within the breafts of those who peruse the volume.

In the absence of apology, however, I beg a word of explanation as to the construction and purpose of the poem entitled "Heaven's Evangel." I have sought in this poem to





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is a place in the vast economy of Truth for every instrumentality of knowledge, whether we are capable or not of detecting that place. My poem is intended chiefly to express this fact rather than to venture upon the difficult task of tracing the links which make up the interminable range of Divine Wisdom as exhibited in human history and knowledge. Another world is reserved for this—a world which is the key-note of the Poetic and the object of all our longings. Much of what is now mysterious to us will there be unsealed, and that which has perplexed us will dawn as the morning light upon our minds. What we have thought divorced here, may be united there, and what we have joined may be divided. The great purpose of the universe, which now baffles our comprehension, may there be revealed, and made the groundwork for higher researches in the chain of knowledge; and a higher poetry than that which stimulates us now, may urge our spirits to the possession of a deeperwisdom and a purer life.

Huddersfield, December, 1865.

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" Five spirits with as varied missions flee, To form for earth a happy destiny."

Weaben's Mbangel

AND

OTHER POEMS,

BY

HENRY WILLIAMSON.

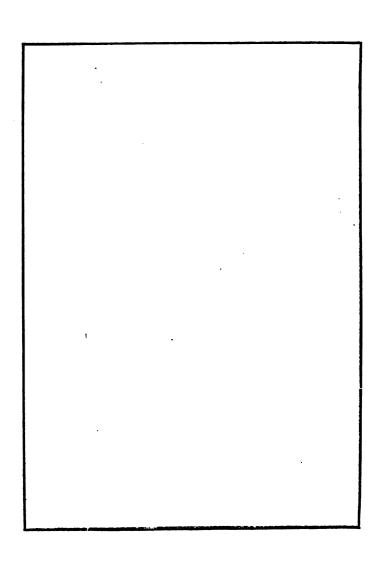
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Beaben's Ebangel.

The Evangel of Faith.

HE World's rebellion from the Truth—
Heaven's design for its recovery—The
Evangel of Faith—The Jews, God's Prophets
to the World—Their Discipline in Egypt—
Building of the Temple—Mission of the Prophets
—Origin of Idolatry—The Babylonish Captivity
and its Lesson—The coming of Christ—Man's
Immortality fully revealed.



- The Evangel of Faith.

HERE all the spheres, in changeless order roll'd,

Girt with their soft and yielding airy fold,
All guileless in their first creative state,
As pure as He, their Fashioner, is great,
One little world, a rebel from the rest,
Declared its feeble government the best.
But misrule sat where lawful power had sway'd,
And all Truth's stately pillars lowly laid;
The bonds of household love were rent in
twain,

And honest labour sank to sordid gain; Affection yielded to the love of place, And Nature ceased to charm men with her grace; Lust, in his thameless garb, provoked desire, And desecrated love's celestial fire; Grim poverty o'ertook men like a storm,

That robs the vessel of its stately form;

Disease, with crafty stealth, crept in its trail,

And gloated o'er the widow's piercing wail;

Crime stained his fearless hands with brother's blood,

And all the eternal laws of Truth withflood; I saw the darkness press, the glad light flee, And earth became one dreadful tragedy.

Night doth not ever last, though often long, Some sweet-toned bird may cheer it with its song,

And, like a Prophet, presage that the morn Shall mock the loveliness of tropic dawn. But never yet did tropic sun arise With beauty such as filled my wond'ring eyes; The darknefs fled before the spreading light, And, in the diftance, stood a palace bright, Built up of many colour'd gems that cast Their radiance, dazzling, o'er the airy vast; As yet the portals stood clos'd and secure,

With two Arch-spirit guards, erect and pure, Keeping the gateway, bearing to the King What rights of entrance pilgrims there might bring;

For here came wearied men to seek repose, And find an antidote for all their woes; Here did their hopes aspire, their visions bend, And kindly Fancy oft her wings would lend, To bear them for an inftant within sight Of this fair land begirt with wondrous light.

The palace walls with loud acclaim resound,
As for the rebel world new hope was found;
Touched with the pilgrims' sadd'ning tale of ills,
The King's kind heart with passion'd anguish
fills;

Five spirits, 'mongst the chief, he quickly sends, And breathing upon each, to each he lends
The power to bind, by cords of subtle skill,
Rebellious souls subservient to his will.
Five spirits with as varied missions flee,
To form for earth a happy destiny.

One bond of truth made all the spirits one, As distant planets circle round the sun, Or some rich tinted flower, a living gem, Thrives on the subtle sap within its stem; Earth smiles with flow'ry beauties, varied all, From lowly daisy, to the sun-flower tall, Uncultur'd heather, nursed by mountain air, Or frailest flow'ret, trained by fingers fair, Within the fenced plot where art restrains The force of wilful freedom nature gains; But all their petals, modest, soft, or bright, Trace their unsullied beauty to the light. The welcome dew, that spangles every thorn, When winter's past, and joyous spring is born, Claims kindred with the streamlet and the lea. And pays its pearly tribute to the sea. The dreaded Cyclone, scattering waste and death, Is but the raging of the zephyr's breath— The passion of the self-same gentle air, That bids the roses bloom so sweet and fair. The lightsome clouds, that proudly o'erhead ride, Like stately chariots of Assyrian pride,

Which fancy makes a curtain thick, unfurl'd,
To hide the mystery of another world,
Supply the thirsty earth with needful rain,
And bend, with richeft stores, for all our gain.
The solemn lightning, whose dread fiery dart
Chills e'en the bravest blood with sudden start,
And frights the herd within their lowly lair,
As huntsman's fhot the birds that skim the air,
We press, with childish force, to obey our will,
And the deep void 'tween distant homes to fill.
With vivid speed the tale of woe is pass'd,
How peacefully some loved one breathed his
last,

How anxiously another waits to see,
A face to lull his sad infirmity.
Upon its spirit-wings the glad news flies,
In tones that touch our dearest sympathies.
Health once more beams perchance in languid eyes;

A brother fairly won the golden prize; A sifter bids one send a loving kiss, To seal forgiveness and beget new bliss. Thought's trackless march, and secret, subtle train,

Mark not their varied, winding course in vain;—
We see not always whither thought will tend,
But doubt not that it fills a noble end.
Our half-shut eyes and clouded brains oft see
A shibboleth in perfect unity.
What matter, trivial though the action be?
The strongest forces we can never see;
The rock that splits the stately bark in twain,
And makes the sailor cry for help in vain,
Whose covert snares beneath the green waves
run,

While victim after victim's quickly won, Cemented stands with true masonic skill, No human architect, no tutored will, But builders, sightless to our feeble eyes, With ceaseless toil bid these vast pillars rise.

And thus the Spirits, in their varied way, Left their enchanted home; not in array As hardened warriors march to glorious fight, In measured step, a vast and gorgeous sight;
But there were long farewells and deep-drawn fighs,

And plenteous tears from sympathetic eyes; As when some parent sends her first born son, Untried, earth's feverish course to run; Only the King, with placid face, stood by, And, by his smile, insured Truth's victory.

Faith was the pioneer to delve the way,
And light the world with Hope's benignant ray;
Love followed, for she ever kept her side,
As a fond lover would his future bride;
For Love is born of Faith, and droops away,
If her fair partner too long from her stay.
Faith strove to raise the world's short vision
high,

Where joys, enduring, bide beyond the sky; For what is knowledge worth to half-shut eyes, Or how can blindness beauteous colors prize? Tis casting seed on hard, impervious rock, To be the prey of birds that thither flock:

Tis folly thus to fill the budding mind
With deep conclusions of a mind refined;
Far better tempt the infant's springing tafte
With simple food, that knowledge may not wafte,
And, like a flower, by slow degrees unfold
Its painted beauties, purple, violet, gold.

Faith's plan was simple yet profoundly wise,
For oft the wisest plans deceive our eyes.
She brought one sturdy soul from out the rest,
And faithful Abram gained the high behest
Of Heaven's pleasure on his name and race,
And through him, to the unborn nations, grace.
Faith touched his gentle spirit, and he turned
Away from where the unholy fire had burn'd,
And raised, with trusting hands, an altar high,
Though yet his sate was veiled in mystery.
He reasoned not, but, like a docile child,
Yielded obedience, cheerful, prompt and mild.
Oh! scorn not ye, who raise proud reason high,
As if she'd gauge the secrets of the sky;
But, know ye, that most cherished blessings fall

On him who humbly waits his Maker's call.

A noble nation honoured his great name,
And wreath'd his memory with abiding fame.
Faith placed her golden jewel in their care,
And bade them keep it, whether wild despair
Should tempt them oft to cast it far away,
Or idol spirits snatch it as a prey.
Thrice glorious people! Prophets to our race!
Oh! quickly may kind heaven restore your place!
Then shall your daughters their sweet voices
raise,

And we will join the choric song of praise.

Not fiercer rages battle between hoft and hoft, When each side sternest discipline doth boaft, Than all the drawn-up powers of sin contend, Faith's jewell'd casket to despoil and rend; For Truth itself is like the rooted oak, Which, though Eolus oft and oft provoke, Unchang'd, defies the blaft that shakes the earth, Like Him who gave it first its glorious birth. But thus it is, that where the Truth is free

From sullied taint of licensed liberty,
The foe well knows that to our half-closed eyes,
God sends in earthly vessels the desired prize;
So, like a midnight thief, with crafty stealth,
He strives to break the safe of hidden wealth.
The guileless youth, in purest cradle nursed,
Whose infancy no cold neglect hath cursed,
May let the thoughtless word, unbridled, pass
From his unguarded heart and lips, alas!
As softly as the night bird's purest song
Cheers all the night-imprison'd woods along:
But tis the secret mark of subtle sin,
That slowly makes a door to enter in.

Egypt was helpless to destroy the race;
Above her tyranny it held its place;
Her idols, as before decaying rust,
Fell powerless, humbled, to their parent dust.
A wondrous night it was when Israel fled,
Each matron wept some dearly loved one dead;
And maidens grieved the loss of lovers dear,
And manly cheeks first felt the sorrowing tear.

Through, the long vale, where Nilus pours his flood,

The prince, the beggar, in amazement stood; The temple of Serapis shook and fell, And Typhon trembled—Typhon, born of hell; Isis and Osis, boastful of their power, No help to offer had they in that hour; For what could Egypt's worship bring to bless The longing spirit, seething in distress? No God, but life, received their homage low; To it they pray, to it the suppliant bow. But Israel's God created all the life With which the tiniest spot of earth is rife; From wondrous hydra, mocking fabled lore, That swarms in myriads on the streamlet's shore, And multiplies, though cut in twain each hour, And lives and thrives with undiminished power, To man so bleft with reason's glittering gem, And angels with immortal diadem. As sweetly bleft is he who walks with God, As heaven is perfumed from the flowery sod.

The fiery trial pass'd, then nectar'd rest
They sought within the land which God had
bleft;

But rest they found not, rather wearying toil; For deadly foes their aspirations foil. Ebbing and flowing like the daily tide, Faith now was victor, then was cast aside. Yet, though the flood-wave leaves the shingly floor, It surely gains upon the expectant shore.

Faith needs no pillared temple for her throne, She loves to make the humble heart her own, And not a despot's sway can half compare With homely power, when sweet affection's there.

Yet not the less does Faith consent to dwell
Within the fretted roof, which bears the swell
Of solemn organ in the holy psalm,
To wean from earth and man's devotion warm.
Oh! happy memory, first when there I strayed,
First footsteps heavenward in my young life
made;

Blest, in my fancy, was the hallowed time,
When humble hearts obeyed the simple chime.
I never wearied near its sacred shade,
A secret link within my heart it made,
And I could linger all a summer's day,
And point where this good soul or that one lay.
Ah! yes, one more familiar than the rest,
With tears was watered with affection blest;
Dear Sire! can I neglect the verdant sod,
With solemn thought and mien we oft have trod?
No! while a pilgrim 'tis my lot to roam,
Still may my feet stray near thy silent home,
And check the o'ergrown weeds that loosely wave,

Or rear the falling stone that marks thy grave.

With gorgeous pomp, the son of David reared A temple for the God he loved and feared. Firm on Araunah's hill, with lavish care, Its deep foundations stood without compare. Phænicia's perfumed forests lent their aid, And e'en her mighty King his homage paid.

Far India pour'd her odorous spice and gold,
And Salem's city boasted wealth untold;
All distant marts their choicest produce brought,
And wisdom from the wise King humbly sought.
Faith linked her visions with the ark of gold,
And sixed her pledge within the cherub's fold.
Of sinning souls, how welcome to the sight,
The all-forgiving, pure Shechinah light!
Oh! ye who boast a knowledge, deep and wide,
For pity's sake no helpless soul deride,
Whose cloudy eye must needs such help oft
bring,

Before his longing soul can enter in.

For in the infancy of our frail life,
Our tender limbs are useless for the strife,
That manhood needs must meet, or lifeless fall,
Within the battle that awaits us all.
By slow degrees, mishap, and misty thought,
By all wise heaven is our persection wrought.

Nor yet has clinging memory lost the time, When Judah triumph'd in her golden prime; Her scatter'd sons lament, with sadd'ning lay,
The setting of their nation's summer day:
But yet they think that not for evermore,
Is pass'd the glory from their sunny shore.
There, in the twilight of their waning day,
They gather where their silent fathers lay,
And, lingering near, wait to be lowly laid
Within dark Kedron's vale and rocky shade.
But Judah's days of symbols now are past,
Her forms, and types, and signs, could only last,
Till He, the mighty Antitype, should rise,
To cast the darkness deep from filmy eyes.

Thus onward Spirit Faith pursued her course, Each age revealing beauties with new force, Though all the power of Hell in envy stands, With burnish'd arms and fierce determined hands;

Though kings, in pride of might and lofty place, Against Heaven's pure Evangel turned the face, God's Prophets, with a tongue of searching fire, Pointed unceasing to the world's Desire. Brave Tishbite! type of men of noblest mould! Free from the bribe of place or tarnish'd gold, Who hold the Truth they feel, a treasure dear, And keep it guarded with a solemn fear; Whose eye e'er kindles with a glorious dream As each fresh holy hope becomes their theme, And distant visions of the Truth and Right Seem ever present to their eager sight.

The conflict heighten'd as the dawn drew near;
The foe was nerved by all despairing fear.
By tempting wiles he sought to chain the heart,
And all its priftine purity to part.
Erst in the early patriarchal years,
No taint of dread idolatry appears;
Nearer we gain the holy morn, when rang
The chorus which the Sons of God then sang,
When man became Heaven's noble, crowning
ftone,

And breathed a spirit kindred to His own, Purer from rustic altars then did rise The breath of holy prayerful sacrifice. Alas! when from the simple truth man strays, And leaves the orb of Light for doubtful rays: Contented not that God should be a friend, And hold communion sweet, as one doth lend The heart of pity to another's woes, And pour soft balm to mollify his throes.

High, in the jewell'd heavens, the hofts of light Enraptured all the giddy wond'ring fight; The sun, at whose warm touch the flow'rets rise, And fruitful vineyards gladden waiting eyes, Seem'd thus the minister of Heaven's King, And worthy of the homage they could bring. The moon, so gorgeous in her nightly sheen, They worshipp'd as a fairy goddefs Queen. But, as a wearied man longs for his rest, Sol, day by day, doth court the gilded west, And leaves the busy world the evening's lease, To gain new strength for toil from gentle peace. And, as the new day dawns with coldest gray, The amber moonlight softly sades away. When thus behind the folds of darkness hid,

Upon the height of flately pyramid,
(Misguided souls,) they raise a pillar vain
And worship till the light appears again.
Thus, from the Giver of all mortal good,
The earth, debased and corrupted, stood,
And thus snatched rudely from His immortal
crown

The homage that He ever claims His own.

When, to its height, the tide of fin had run,
Amid the terraced plots of Babylon
God cast his faithless people (woeful choice)
Far from the sphere of his forgiving voice.
No longer then the sacred fire could rise,
No pledge of mercy greet their longing eyes;
Dimm'd was the light that cheer'd the holy
place,

Type of the sacred Spirit's sevenfold grace; Lost, the dear cherish'd bond of Heaven's love— The ark, with golden cherubim above. Yet there was gain, and Faith rejoiced that day, When, in a strange land Judah captive lay; There, on the drooping willows, sadly hung
Their filent harps, to joyousness unftrung.
Sing to our mighty gods, ye servile race!
Touch your enchanted strings with softest grace!
Who is this God ye seek, who can be this
To measure Babylon's Semiramis?
How shall we fing, with deep remorse oppress'd?
Can e'er, with loaded heart, the body rest?
Do birds in winter chirp the songs of spring?
Or winter all ripe autumn's dowries bring?
Oh! never shall these strings awake to joy,
Till their sweet tones shall rise without alloy.
Let my right hand for ever lose its skill
If ought of Judah's songs your temples fill.

Yet light appeared in this their gloomy day:
Faith taught them, in their loneliness to pray.
What though no priest, with wide uplifted hands,
All blood-besprinkled, by the altar stands;
What though no perfum'd incense spreading
high,

Gives pledge of sure acceptance with the sky,

Prayer gives, e'er yet from trembling lips it parts,

Its silent answer in all lowly hearts.

Prayer tunes afresh the heart's distracted strings,
And glimpses, cheering, to the spirit brings;
For whether on the raging, wind-tossed flood,
Or mid the confused sounds on plains of blood,
Or suffering 'neath the wasting tropic air,
Ascends the universal voice of prayer.

In the damp dungeon, stranger to the day,
See, the brave martyr spirit bends to pray!
Who, mid the misery of his biting chains,
Counts all his sorrows as his richest gains.
O! blest provision for the adverse hour
Support and cheer us with thy blissful power!

Stronger in conscious power, and inward sight,
The chosen pass'd through Babylonish night.
Faith raised their opening eyes to manhood's
day,

When needy childhood's helps are cast away. Thus are the stubborn heart and will best ruled, When both by pale advertity are school'd.

The brightest gems that honour manhood's brow,

Are like the seeds in winter which we sow,
Buried unseen beneath the frost bound plain
To smile in autumn as the golden grain.
Fair liberty is but the growth of years,
Offspring of martyr-chains, of blood and tears,
Of self restraint, unselsish, noble will,
Cheerful acceptor of all envied ill
The tyrant thinks will crush bright freedom's
fire,

And quench man's purest, loftiest desire.

Slave is the man who cannot commune free
With Heaven, apart from cold formality.

What! we thus bleft with diftant ages light,
Unable yet to truft the inward fight!

Have we, in truth, not even yet begun
The leffon Judah learnt in Babylon?

Oh! while Heaven's light abounds our souls to
win,

Ope wide the door that it may enter in.

Oh! for some fire-tongued Angel's heaven born power,

To celebrate Faith's all-triumphant hour!

Now do the deep and fitful shadows flee

In light of fadeless immortality.

Man's dark procession to the prison'd tomb

The God-man parted from its fickening gloom.

Dimly, from Sinai's mount the promise peered

While men, by turns, first trembling hoped and feared,

But He, earth's teacher, set their doubts to reft, And lighten'd hearts with heavy grief oppression? Nature's dim taper raised the eyes to see Only its own innate infirmity.

For e'en the wisest of the heathen age, Poet, philosopher, or hermit sage, Could merely hope, in dying, to be free From present ills in some new destiny. And what a hope! rude thought, or hazard guess, No cheering certainty the Soul to bless; Perchance a bird-life, in the air to soar, The figment of some Pythagorean lore.

What nature's light then failed to clear away,
Can it enlighten in this later day?
The same inftinctive feelings rule the heart,
And conscience pierces with its stinging dart:
The same high heavens beguile, with witching light,

And prompt a prayer for wider, deeper sight. Yet not by them will phantom doubt e'er flee; And make a place for peaceful certainty. But Thou! blest with the light where light is born,

Thy living radiance o'er our night hast thrown:
Not vain our life though girt with myriad ills,
Our deepest pain some lofty purpose fills;
Thou giv'st to him that suffers patiently,
The sairest fruit upon life's golden tree.
O welcome hope! what pleasures inward rise!
Like odours from a second Paradise!
Death is but gain—the portal of repose!
And Faith's Evangel lightens all our woes.

The Ebangel of Lobe.

HE Unity of Knowledge—Love's place in the Evangel of Heaven—The Mission of Christ, the highest type of Love—the power of Love—Love's inspiration—The wife.—the mother—Mary's offering—childhood—Education of the poor.—Christ blessing infants—the widow's mite—Christ weeeping over Jerusalem—The philosophy of Calvary—Miss Nightingale—the universal sympathy of Nature.



The Evangel of Love.

ENEATH the varied scenes which charm the eye,

Nature is bound by secret unity.

No rebel agent, with a licens'd hand,

Seeks to divide the all-enclosing band:

One purpose fills her wide and boundless breast
With happiness that all Heaven's sons be blest.

Thus did the undivided spirits aim,

Each, in his path, new life and light to frame;

Not less at union that their work was free,

Than shades of kindred flowers upon one tree,

Or polypes perfect, each a glittering gem,

Spangling like flow'rets on one rock-bound stem;

Or subtler still, the all-encirling air,

Formed of its elements unseen and rare.

No narrow isolation nature keeps,

Within no selfish circle ever sleeps;
Watchful her children equal blessings share,
Mourning when godless hands, irreverent dare,
Withdraw from e'en the lowliest of us all,
The joy kind Heaven designed for great and
small.

Love enter'd where Faith opened first the door:
She long'd to build upon Faith's ample store;
Not as a miser, heaping wealth untold,
With withered hand within his greedy fold,
To whom no tale of woe compassion brings,
No thrill of pity through his spirit rings;
But, feeling all the joy that knowledge brought,
To widen its fair circle ever sought.
Knowledge supplies the gap 'tween earth and heaven,

Man's nature filling with divinest leaven, Breathes in his soul the reverent hush of awe, Pictures like visions as the Prophets saw, Makes the air resonant with holy sound, And earth become a consecrated ground. It reconciles the weary to his lot,
Brings balmy comfort to the lowly cot,
Man's spirit links with His who gave it birth,
Heaven bringing midway to the distant earth,
Each flowery perfume wasting from the sod
Odours within the Paradise of God.

Type of the widest love, Oh! Son of man! Who, by earth's rule, thy love can ever scan? Wide as the east divides the darken'd west, Couch where the sun reclines to balmy rest, Or northern wildernesses far extend To where the perfumed orange branches bend. Quick at thy voice, the oppressing spirits flee, And calm broods o'er the lake of Galilee. Envy and malice, armed like beasts of prey, Wither before Love's all-embracing ray. Manlike, He wept through love round Lazarus' grave,

God-like, his gracious hand was stretched to save;

And while the arrows justice keenly sped,

Till down his withered brow the sweat-drops bled,

He murmured not, since first his work begun, But suffering prayed "My Father's will be done." Love triumphs, and the night-clouds quickly flee In light of all-absolving Calvary.

If Love but breathe one sympathetic tone, The orphan's tears are dried, and hushed his moan;

The widow smiles amid her weeping eyes,
As ere cold winter's gone, Spring flow'rets rise;
The captive, languishing 'neath tyrant chains,
Leaps, all-forgetful of his wearying pains;
And hatred, in his melancholy cell,
Where shadows creep as from the distant hell,
Smoothes his lined brow, and calms his passioned heart,

As by the welcome dawn the shadows part. Wide as the ocean, Love extends her arms, Free in her grasp from night-born, dread alarms, She prompts the sadden'd heart with joy to sing,

As summer birds make all the woodlands ring, Or southern winds make timid flowers to rise, When March winds soften and his power dies, And merry streamlets by the rushes play, When binding winter passes on his way.

As wave on wave, successive, gains new strength, Till on the shingly shore it bursts at length; Or as the night Queen, in her circling ride, Draws, by her magic wand, the attendant tide, All-potent Love, where'er she makes her stay, Brings captive hearts within her sunny sway. Men breathe a purer air when she is near— Fair spirit from a far diviner sphere; And long to share her blessings with their kind That all the distant nations hope may find. So flow'd adown the Beatific hill A widening stream of Love, the world to fill; The sainted hearts that gather'd there, inspired, Felt by the burning words, their spirits fired, And glowed some outlet for their love to find, As moans for freedom the imprisoned wind.

But as a gentle river's peaceful course,
Is ruffled often by the tempest's force,
The world's unthankful heart and scoffing sneers,

Bedew'd Love's kindly face with sorrowing tears.

Blest help-meet to a care-surrounded world!

Like a bright meteor through the darkness hurl'd!

Thou sooth'st, oh! woman, with thy tender hand, Man's griefs as with a magic wand;
Fair oasis, within the desert placed,
Where, resting, our lost steps may be retraced;
Thou art a rose amid a bed of weeds,
Thy perfume sweetens our recurring needs;
Pain's cheerless pallet with thy radiance blest,
To its pale burden brings long sought for rest,
And, as arise the pain-begotten moans,
They soften 'neath thy tender healing tones.
Thou art a spirit, girt with mortal frame,
Heaven's sweetest messenger, with earthly
name,

Divinely sent that quiet home be made
An earnest of the joys that never fade.
From creeping infancy to halting age,
Through health, or wealth, or poverty's dark
stage,

Thou art a Pharos 'mid the wild abyss, To light our stormy course to abiding bliss.

A mother's love! what memories throng the brain!

Like rushing waters o'er the peaceful plain:

Alas! Time's hollowing lines, thy cheek and brow

Have made fit channels for thy tears to flow! For when thy heart was widow'd, time had made No silvery crown upon thy honoured head, But blank bereavement withered all thy hours, As when the summer's breath forsakes the flowers, And loosening petals flutter to the earth, As autumn sobers down the young year's mirth. But grieve not though thy outer pillars shake! Eternal love no taint of change can take;

It longs to set th' indwelling spirit free,
Where it can burn with deep intensity.
There will no tragic parting break thy reft,
Thy strength shall gather, as within its nest,
The fledgling gains each day new power to fly,
And skim beneath the many tinted sky.
May filial love so cheer thee that the day,
May see thee with no sorrow pass away!

Love measures not her off'rings by earth's span,
Her secret standard we can never scan;
The dearest treasure to all mortal eyes,
She deems unworthy for a sacrifice,
As lowly Mary spread her unction sweet,
All lavish o'er her sainted Master's feet,
When high the odour filled the absorbing air,
And charmed, save one, the few that lingered there.

But sweeter far, adown time's hurrying stream, Her noble deed comes like a fairy dream, And willing hearts catch inspiration high, From her unselfish, yielding sympathy. How gloats the selfish eye with deep desire,
As love heaps up her golden offerings higher!
Oh! what fair gilded palaces might rise,
To be the cynosure of wondering eyes!
Avaunt! your burnished trappings perish soon,
As quick as night succeeds the dazzling noon,
But Love's memorials stand in constant prime,
And mock the triumphs of all distant time.

In careless childhood's clear and trustful breaft,
Love sympathetic, makes her dearest rest,
And infant lowliness becomes the leaven
Most fit for men to reach the distant heaven.
Oh! that our boyhood's joy would dawn again,
When every daily duty seem'd most plain,
And no obscuring veil cut off the light,
That sweetly bless'd our joy-surrounded sight.
Now dark misgivings haunt the restless mind;
We seek a goal, no mortal e'er can find;
And mood perchance o'er some far-setch'd
conceit,
And spurn the Truth laid scatter'd at our feet;

We weave a dark defign, with tangled thread, And where bright flowers should spring, reap weeds instead.

'Tis ever thus: the overstrained bow,
Shoots out the arrow where it should not go;
But lowly toil and daily duty done,
Give light as cheering as th' untiring sun;
And Love unfolds the knot that pride secures,
And when all knowledge fails unchang'd endures.

What empire hopes to reach the diftant years,
Whose sons in wisdom's path it never rears?
Its pillars only bear the mask of might,
Like phantom demons of the weird night,
Or like the fabric built with feeble hand,
Upon the shifting and deceptive sand.
A holy claim demands with living might,
For needy souls instruction as their right.
Oh! when will those who guide our noble state,
Make for the helpless poor a better fate,
And guard, with liberal hand, those bonds of
peace,

Within whose circle war and discord cease !
Cast far and wide the seeds of knowledge fair,
A golden harvest then will ripen there!
Cramp'd Bigotry will soften his stern face,
And uncouth lips drop words of sweetest grace,
Dark Ignorance will hide in covert shade,
And Unbelief, like morning mists, soon fade;
Religion, with fair Reason join her hands,
And once more tie the long divorcëd bands.

With eager steps towards the Lord they press,
To fold their infants in His sweet caress.
With lowering frown his followers loud complain,
And rudely would have cast them back again:
Why boldly thus his lofty work suspend,
Can He to lisstless infants lowly bend,
Who cannot even lisp his saintly name,
Nor bear to others his unsullied fame?
Until faith ripens and their hearts obey,
Let these pass on their own unheeded way!
Nay, suffer them to kiss my troubled brow,
And share the love on all I would bestow!

Within their guileless hearts abounds the leaven Ye should poffess to gain the promised heaven; For heaven is gained by pure and lowly minds, As some brave diver pearly treasure finds Within the calm of Ocean's azure deep, Where beauties hid from mortal eyes oft sleep.

The widow brought her all, though but a mite, Heedless of earthly wants, of hunger's bite; Her love rose over all, as some sweet dove Leaves the embosom'd groves to soar above, Or as that bird of song that shuns the earth To win from Heaven her heart-refreshing mirth. Of her scant worldly store she gave the best, Not when her lust was filled, the worthless rest, Or when in all the slaunting hues of pride First her blind vanity she satisfied; But plainly clad, spared from her simple store, What sent the helpless cheerful from her door. Shall we with-hold from Him, who all bestows, Whose mercy like a constant torrent flows, Life's choicest fruit, its blameless sacrifice,

Like perfum'd offerings to his throne to rise?

He who relieves the needy's burden'd lot,

Receives a blessing on the self-same spot;

But he, whose heart ne'er feels another's woe,

Stems, in his harden'd soul, Heaven's peaceful flow.

Oh! 'tis a tragic fight when love beholds,
Bosom'd within the cold and harden'd folds
Of blind indifference, hearts she would subdue
To holy influence of the good and true.
Thus, melting with a tenderness divine,
Upon calm Olivet with troubled mien,
The Saviour mourn'd his efforts all as vain,
As falls on rocks the fertilizing rain.
O Salem! blest on earth with choicest light,
How is thy heart misled, and dimm'd thy sight!
Would that my love the obscuring veil could rend,
And all thy blindness and thy troubles end,
And give thee yet the joy-enduring lease,
That slows like streams from springs that never
cease!

But now within the gloom thy light is hid,
Like dust of kings beneath the pyramid.
Thy Prince shall fall before his tottering throne,
Nor in its place remain one tell-tale stone,
Where once the sweet-toned chorus swell'd on
high,

In all its thrilling lofty majefty.

Not o'er the wide world to its mifty bound,
Was love like blood-stained Calvary's ever
found.

Like a dread storm-cloud in the oppressed air,
Sin bow'd the holy form that lingered there.
Rejoice! for 'twas thy only hope, O man!
Nor think its mystery thou can'st ever scan;
Enough that thou can'st on its merits rest,
And calm the dark forebodings in thy breast;
Or dost thou hope to plead before Heaven's throne,

Some deed of worth—some merit of thy own? As well may that frail shell, nurs'd by the foam, Boast of its painted glories or its form,

Or some light cloud at evening, when the sun Gilds with its gladness, that his work is done. Our worth is fruit in other vineyards grown, But all our faults are outgrowths of our own. If by kind sufferance here, we live our day, How can we claim the world that's far away ? We're not our own, but His, at whose command The billowy waves pass not the shingly strand, And every thrill of life on land or sea, Is but an atom of infinity. A mighty will directs the timorous spray, And sends upon its course day's piercing ray; The emerald blade uprises at its breath, And slumbers filently in winter's death; The season's kindly order alters not, But brings its circling bleffings to our lot; The secret spring supplies the gurgling stream, Hurrying to ocean as one in a dream, Where, by the attracting sun, the waters rise, In watery vapour riding 'neath the skies, To fall in showers upon the windy hill, And add fresh strength to each rejoicing rill.

Behold here no proud mind to go astray!

All follow out the God-appointed way.

But man, blest with a touch of mind divine,

May wander far, alas! from duty's line,

And build himself, as each restraint grows free,

A mountain of responsibility.

Not frustrate is God's all-absorbing will,

That man forsakes the good and seeks the ill.

Although thought's subtle current falsely ran,

It could not change God's everlasting plan;

He turns the crooked path another way,

And brings false spirits 'neath his righteous sway.

The sum is this: when man his God resigns, Himself's the loser, not Heaven's wise designs; Else would He never thus have made him free, With chance of triumph o'er His Majesty. Yea, as a lone star darker makes the night, Man's weakness magnifies his Maker's might. And love more lavishly will e'er abound, Where fin and misery are deeper found. Thus whilst no joint is loosen'd in Heaven's plan,

By proud secession of rebellious man,
Yet man himself cuts off his only joy,
And leaves unmix'd delight for earth's alloy.
As well may shattered branches from the tree,
Seek to renew their beauteous unity,
Or March-nipt buds unfold to timely fruit,
When Autumn gladdens in its russet suit,
As man, self-exiled, gain his pristine place,
Without the aid of all-supporting grace.
For e'en, when first his mind was unperverse,
His place was given in the universe;
Much less, when now his strongest powers are
weak,

Can he, unaided, hope lost Heaven to seek.

Lord of the clustering worlds! whom, vision free
To gain an aided sight yet cannot see!

Hast thou, in truth, bent from thy throne so low,
And bade the fountain of thy love to flow?

E'en now the tempter bids us scorn the thought,
That for such atoms thou hast kindly wrought;
But thou hast fill'd the gap that we may lay
Our hopes on Christ, who is the Life, the Way.

Show us a safer path and we will tread!

What! from our barren souls seek for our bread!

In the mind's culture or the body's care,

Bold independence works its duty there;

But for the deeper needs that press the soul,

Like the pent waters that would wanton roll,

Where, in a wider sphere, by the lone shore,

Their kindred waves heave in their sportive roar,

Look we beyond, where weakness gains new

strength,

And darken'd days receive the summer's length; Where the lone, lingering sufferer feels the gain Of heightened pleasure from his wearying pain; Where joy brings no foreboding of its end, When sorrow follows loving hearts to rend; But all the Poet's fancies, woven fair, Pale in the living fight that greets him there.

Love makes her joy the greater, when we share With others all her bounties, rich and fair, Nor can she rest to feel that she alone, Should claim earth's choicest blessings as her own. As the fresh wind, upon its spirit wheels, Hastes where the tropic clime oppressive feels, And breathes its cooling balm on languid eyes, That grow enfeebled 'neath the dazzling skies, Love sends her thousand emissaries far, Where slavish sins the loveliest prospects mar, Intent to ease some broken anguished heart, Or from the weary limbs vile bonds to part. Mark her upon the sanguine, confus'd plain, Raising the fainting head, suffus'd with pain! See her at midnight, in the ghastly ward, Faithful, as one who forms the nightly guard, Straining her ear to catch each unknown sound, As she pursues her lonely measur'd round! Oh! stealthily the last foe enters there, Not with war's clarion, piercing through the air, Or tread, majestic, to the drum's loud beat, Or to the music, spirit-stirring, sweet. How the brave, wrinkled form, quiescent yields, Whom nought could daunt upon a hundred fields!

And parts from earth, with all its wearying care,

Smiling on her who lingers watchful there. Oh! never will the effacing touch of age, Blot out this glory from our history's page, That when our noble hosts neglected lay, Sleepless by night, and hunger'd in the day, Love led one noble woman, pale and weak, Their night of suffering with her joy to break. T'was no mischance that bore her witching name, But Faith, prophetic, that her trumpet fame Should rival that sweet bird of nightly songs, To which this undivided praise belongs— That when the birds of day are hush'd in rest, Each in its mossy, smoothly fashioned nest, And darkness, with his dreary robe, enfolds The retiring valleys and the bracing wolds, And the rich hues, on heath or primrose bank, Become one viewless and deserted blank, It cheers the empty waste with melody, Like tones of comfort in adversity. 'Tis easy, if the sun of plenty glow, To let the unruffl'd stream of friendship flow, But if affronted fortune stint her hand,

How soon is severed the enclosing band,
That made of two, one heart in closest tie,
And lived in seeming, hourly sympathy!
But what a flimsy circle thus to bind!
As yielding as the ever varying wind,
That loves to blow where warmer, sunnier rays,
Tempt it to leave the short and darken'd days.
But where true love dwells, poverty's distress,
Deepens the pitying spirit's tenderness.

So spirit Love pass'd on her joyful way;
So now she labours in this later day.
'Tis Faith that prompts her burden'd heart to swell,

For human woe, wherever it may dwell.

All filently fine moves, as some lone star,

Within its circling orbit beams afar;

Feeble to our dark eyes perchance it be,

Though surely burning with intensity.

Yes! there are saints about our daily tread,

The busy marts of merchandise they thread;

We know them not: intent on narrow schemes,

Half our allotted time we spend in dreams,
Nor stretch one finger to our helpless race,
Or wipe the orphan's tear-bedewed face.
We're faithless; hence Love shuns our empty
breast,

Within some kindred form her throne to rest. Faithless in all, save Mammon's gilded ways, Which every thought of holiness betrays. But Love will end the work she hath begun, Nor rest until her victory's fairly won. Not vain, her votaries, 'mid feverish heat, The uncultured savage in his strongholds meet; Not vain 'mid scant and unluxurious fare, They minister Truth's consolations there. Nor where at home death's rich and ready prey, In passion'd anguish on pain's pallet lay, Shall the dear Comforter await in vain. More than descends the ever fresh'ning rain. Cast in thy lot where good is to be fown, Then of its harvest thou shalt surely own; For truly as the blade springs from the sod, Truth is of Love, and Love is born of God.

The voice of nature is the voice of love;
It speaks in tenderest accents from above;
Where wilt thou find its ministering tones withdrawn?

It joys with thee, and weeps in every moan.

Doth not each bird that sings upon the spray,
Attune its warbling to thy sadd'ning lay?

And canst thou not detect in each slow stream,
A requiem for thy disappointed dream?

Pants thou for liberty upon the moaning shore?

The jubilant waves encourage evermore.

Oh! there must sympathetic feeling be,
For not the perfume of each scented tree

Would mock thee when thy happy moments fly,
Or birds distress thee with their minstrelsy.

Behold fair Love's Evangel ever near,
To chase thy forrows and subdue thy sear!



The Evangel of Poetry.

HE Invocation—The Epic—The Wrath
of Achilles—The Patriot—The force of

moral and physical discipline as exemplified in the Spartans.—The immortality of song—The Lyric—The Origin of Tragedy—The 1riumph of Virtue—Sophocles—Comedy and its purpose—The province of Satire—The modern Moloch—The claims of childhood—Elegy—Pastoral poetry.



The Evangel of Poetry.



AIL, gentle Spirit! whose bewitching tongue

Prompted the measure which the flars first sung, As their cold light through dim space fleetly sped,

From the creative fount of goodness fed.
Grant me a touch of that inspiring grace,
Which, as the new-built worlds in gaping space
Fix'd all the angels' pure, admiring eyes,
Echoed their joy beyond the stretching skies.
Where is thy dwelling, and what secret tie,
Links thee with earth and changing finity?
Tell me, O Spirit, for I fain would know,
Whence is the source of this deep inward glow,

This discontent and longing for a sphere,
Reft of decaying age, the feverish tear?
Surely Heaven's medium art thou for the soul
To mount where trouble's waves no longer roll,
And catch a glimpse, fast fleeting, in the veil,
Where joy-streams flow without the summer's
fail.

Oh! may I gather to my latest hour Comfort and joy from thy inspiring power!

Sing, in thy loudest strains, the hero's praise, Whose deeds the heart's deep instincts e'er obeys,

And meets, with crushless daring, every soe,
Whose hand fair freedom's home would fain
o'erthrow.

What can he dread, whose arms upon the field, The mightiest of his comrades cannot wield? Or who dare meet the overwhelming shock That kept at bay the terror of the flock? Place him on high, and make ye loud acclaim! Rend the wild air with echoes of his fame! Him will we follow where he wills to roam,
O'er the rough mountain or the furious foam,
Where the scant sun gleams on the polar snow,
Or the broad plantain thrives neath tropic glow!
We'll reck not at the march's weary length!
Our fainting hearts shall gather from his strength
The subtle influence of a noble mind,
As hope in grim adversity we find,
Or richest counsel glean from lips of age
To fire our hope and baseless fear affuage.

Hateful as Hades, he, who truth conceals,
And utters what his inmost heart ne'er feels!
His sickening flattery burns my passion'd cheek,
And urges me drear solitude to seek.
Little he'd care to seek my offended face,
Save that he dreads the fire of Trojan's race:
Call it not friendship that is born of pain,
And vanishes when summer smiles again.
Is it for fair haired Helen that they call,
To free her from the hated Ilium thrall?
And thinks he that affection only brings

Its consolation to the hearts of Kings?

Oh! how I deeply loved my captive maid,
And fervently for her the gods I pray'd!

But he, dog-like, hath snatched my darling heart,
As some rude wind the tender bloffoms part,
And darkened all my visions, woven fair,
With heavy clouds of maddening despair;
His gifts I prize not, nor himself a hair!

Let him in quiet perish with no soul to care

The soil is consecrate that's bought with blood, Where the rude spoiler patriot hearts withstood; Who can forget, from sire to latest son, The glories of some well-fought Marathon? Thus is the love of our sweet land e'er fed By a just homage of the mighty dead: Dead—yet to them blest memories belong, Sculptur'd in marble or embalmed in song. As the receding, misty years of yore Seem to enhance their greatness evermore, We sigh and deem full hopeless e'er to vie With their embracing, rich philanthropy.

But such is the sweet odour of fair deeds,
That, as a noiseless river, flowing, feeds
On the supplies that drain each rising ground,
Till the broad commerce-bearing stream is
found,

So doth the sound of fome deep treasur'd name Rise with the years on distant-wasting fame, And from the filent worker ages reap Increasing bleffings when he rests in sleep.

As Thebean walls uprofe at Amphion's lyre, So would my soul its tuneful measure fire From the lips, honey-dew'd, that Pindar bore, Or Lesbian Sappho, whom her paffion tore. First on the immortal scroll inscribed, alas! Sing of unswerving, brave Leonidas! He who would catch the spirit of the free, Must with him linger by Thermopylæ, Whose rocky gates no Persian e'er could pass, Baffled by Spartan hearts and arms of brass. Not in the bristling spears of myriad hosts, Some conqueror, in his heated triumph, boasts,

Lay the deep secret of a people's might,
That, like a giant, vindicates the right;
But self control, hard nurture of the man,
Ready submission to the settled plan,
That makes of one a hoft in battle dire,
His stroke more piercing than the hastening fire,
And rears a brave and time-resisting race,
Whose lustrous virtues latest ages grace.

'Tis meet that to the greatest should belong
The high toned chorus and the sweetest song.
How can we else, 'mid withering decay,
Bear his high fame beyond our narrow day?
The pillar'd roof, that gleams with sculptur'd gems,

Girdled with traceried art and diadems;
Or granite column, polified like the sun,
Memoir of worth or sanguine victory won,
Are feeble 'neath the tempeft's blacken'd rage,
Or the flow worm of gray, decrepit age.
Can it befitting be that reftless change,
Which mocks frail mortals with its fitful range,

Should typify the soul's enduring deeds,
Which, like the young of fabled Phœnix, feeds
Upon the ruined ashes of its sire,
As gold full purer passes from the fire?
Within the tender chambers of the breast,
Love's best memorial will ever rest;
And when her thoughts, her deeds may fail to
tell,

Song, like a heaven-sent and bewitching spell, Takes up the theme, relieves the panting heart, As tears that from their briny fountain start.

As some rare treasure, won by costly toil,
Is guarded jealously from ruthless spoil,
So, round the memory of the blest, we wreathe
Undying words that of their sweetness breathe
Wide-spreading odour to remotest times,
As falls the melody of distant chimes.
How the lone ingle brightens with the lay,
That gives new life to some departed day,
Fraught with a deathless love or daring deed,
On whose immortal memory we feed,

Till wilful fancy brings our faith-led gaze
Within the circle of departed days!
There is a charm in purity of song,
To which no cold unmeasur'd words belong.
It falls upon the spirit like a calm,
When ruthless winds are powerless to harm
The ftately veffels as they nobly ride
In all the glory of a monarch's pride.
It prompts, with deepeft power, the holy thought,

The tear of gratitude for kindness wrought, Or sigh of pity that pale, withering care Should flowly paralyze the young, the fair.

Should Bacchus ought of human praise e'er gain,

Whose transient joys are but the gate of pain, And whose thrice heated, fierce and fiery breath Savours of odour from the realms of death? Amid his wine-smeared crew, in festive glee, Icarian Thespis framed his tragedy. With earnest will each, emulating, sought To gain the drink-god's consecrated goat.
But loftier aim now stirs the inventive brain,
Than offering, tainted with a godless stain.
Who, when the unbridled passions siercely rage,
The secret workings of the heart can guage?
Parental love yields to unnatural hate,
And high-soul'd virtue sinks to darkened sate;
Hate, child of an unsympathising heart,
Dares even Heaven its purposes to thwart,
And high uplists its red and guilty hand,
Against the unswerving laws of truth to stand.
Poesy! who can with thy charmed pen e'er vie,
To paint the shades of mournful tragedy?

Virtue must triumph, though wide-reaching gloom,

Betoken that it waits untimely doom;
For truly as the flowers leap from the sod,
Truth will assert its kindred claim to God.
Yes! Right may linger as a prison'd slave,
And paffioned might, in pride of victory rave;
Heroic effort fail, as some bright star

Fails to enlighten worlds that roll afar;
Or blameless Poverty lack daily bread,
Where myriads from rich luxury's hand are fed;
All that ennobles man, in this low state,
May be paff'd over to some meaner fate,
And worthless pomp, in skeleton array,
Gain all the glory of our soulless day.
Grieve not, O Spirit! let thy harrowing pain
Be sooth'd, full often, by the Poet's strain!
Sings he not cheerily of halcyon times,
In tuneful measures and in ringing rhymes?
When the grim shades shall part, and thou shalt
be

Robed in the lightsome garb of Liberty.

Who shall approach, in tragic worth, the name Of Sophocles, intwin'd with lasting fame ? Yea, though his own unnatural sons, in rage, Impatient grew at his advancing age, We will gird fair his memory with song, Nor think the world's predestined years too long,

To bear his honoured name in echoing praise
From poet's lay, or humble, homely phrase.
Oh! base return for care parental given!
To what ingratitude may hearts be driven,
When love descends her high, exalted throne,
And selfishness in place is thither borne!
One tragic drama more, O Sophocles!
Ere yet the vigour from thy pen shall cease;
Thy graceless sons shall figure on thy stage,
And mock the genius of thy ripen'd age,
Instead forsooth of calming thy sad years,
And stemming, as they spring, thy sorrowing tears.

But thou shalt triumph and thy verdant same, Shall brand thy sons with wide increasing shame.

As light and shade pursue our varying way— Now the dread night-gloom, now the sunny day;

So too our spirits rise and fall like tides, As one hour past another gently glides. How cheering is the rosy tinted morn, When the dim raven shades of eve are borne Deep 'neath the Eastern bars, where prison'd light

Waits to succeed the overshadowing night.

Tis thus, when 'neath some stirring tragic tale,
Our life-blood chills and all our spirits fail,
We feel, as when some breeze wafts from the
sea,

The mirth-begetting power of comedy.
Surely 'twas kindly given when heaviness
Steeps the sad soul in wild confused distress,
Lest dreary melancholy yield to fate,
Its dread and constant soul-destroying mate.
Unswerving duty best is done when joy
Abides within the place of care's alloy;
And oft 'tis found that mirthful hearts supply
The sweetest comfort when glad moments fly.

When some sad fault a voice is raised to reprove, Its earnestness fails ofttimes to remove, Though, like a cataract's force o'er jutting rocks, Its warnings fall like mighty thunder shocks. Yet, though calm reason fail with wilful man,
He yields beneath the force of Satire's ban.
Its arrows pierce as keenly as the thorn,
Where soft reproach would meet with empty
scorn.

Oh! that some mirror, like phylactery wide,
Could fasten 'neath the votaries of pride,
And picture all about their sensual eyes
The folly that within their circle lies!
Or would some conscience see the careworn face,
That fashion brings upon our fister race!
But all is vain! So Satire, deep in gall,
Dip thy fierce pen, thy keenest arrows call!
Spare not the iron hearts which Heaven despise,
And reck not at the widow's sorrowing eyes;
Bring the deep crimson'd blush of shrinking
shame,

And spread confusion o'er their worthless name!

A modern Moloch, deaf to every wail, Claims worship dire as e'er curs'd Hinnom's vale; As there, within the idol's iron fold,
Mid beat of drum the misery was untold,
That wrapt the fated victim, tender child,
For whom no heart with soft compassion filled;
So now, in this our lauded land of Love,
Boasting of freedom, towering high above
The kindred nations, bound in despot's grip,
Who pant the joys of liberty to sip,
We sacrifice to labour's stern demand
Frail infant's toil, though needing manhood's
hand.

Scarce hath its lisping tongue learnt words of home,

Ere selfishness soon frames a living tomb,
Where joyless light fair nature's charms reveal,
Only to tempt the hearts that cannot feel.
Scarce hath it learnt to make one feeble tread,
Ere (Heaven forgive!) 'tis sent to seek its bread!
Thus while the surface glows with prosperous
hue,

The deadliest weakness lurks beneath the view.

Let careless play beguile the child's brief hour,
Before the clouds of life begin to lower;
Let gladness girt his steps, so lithe and free,
Ere cares disturb his soul's serenity.
Can we not trace adown the years so dim,
When pleasure's nectar'd cup, full to the brim,
We drank amid our wild and reckless play,
And thought too short the longest summer's
day?

Then let us grudge not helples childhood here One little lease of joy, ere trouble's tear Make furrowing lines, that deepen as rude time Scatters the beauty of our manhood's prime. Profit say ye! but let him thrive who can, Upon the sufferings of a fellow man; Give me the boon, bestowed by honest toil, Than richest kingdoms, gained by lawless spoil. The true man's joy becomes a constant feast, Feeling that others is not then decreased; For Virtue's guerdon is the consciousness That all our actions tend the world to bless.

But can the soft enchantment of pure song
Stoop to the trifles of the heedless throng?
Doth it not soar where higher deeds enchain,
And catch its fire where holier beings reign?
Yes! but it brings its leavening power to aid
Virtue and Right, when 'neath the tyrant laid,
And wields a two-edged sword, when biting

Upon its measured wings is fleetly borne To some stone heart which Pity tries in vain, As on the rocks falls Spring's engendering rain.

'Tis thine, sweet Spirit, to soothe him who weeps, Whose soul calamity in sorrow steeps; To show that even from the noisome grave, Some heart-uplifting virtue he may save. Did he fall like a hero on the plain, His country's life and liberty to gain, Smiling a welcome to the death that brought The guerdon that his patriot heart had sought? Or in despair at all his wasted might, Like Saul, on Gilboa's bare and dewless height?

Weep, O my muse! nor let his memory fade,
As fallen leaves by Winter's wind are laid;
But let renewing life breathe in the lay,
That bids us mourn the setting of his day.
Weep! for the uncircumcifed in pride rejoice,
Weep! for in death is hush'd his kingly voice.
His shield is vilely cast beneath the dust,
And 'mid dishonour his proud form is thrust.
Let the pearl dewdrops cease their cooling
dower,

And heaven refuse the rain's refreshing shower!

Upon the cursed mount, which bore his fall,

Let no fair grain the labourer's sickle call!

Weep for the mighty dead,—the noble slain!

Did e'er the sword of Saul return in vain,

Or loving Jonathan bend his broad bow,

That brought not Israel's foes beneath him low!

Oh! Jonathan, to thee my heart is bound,

More dearly than the love of woman's found:

How pleasantly the hours have glided past,

Each in the bonds of friendship closely claspt!

The pangs of grief seem'd eased whene'er we told

Each others sorrows, and beneath the fold
Of sympathetic hearts, hid from the view
What sore diffresses round our pathway grew.
Blest Friendship! sweetener of our fitful life!
Soft soothing balm for soul-corroding strife!
There is no pleasure in our narrow sphere,
If thy glad presence is not ever near.
With thee to share a cottage is as blest
As in fair gilded palaces to rest.
How hard to part from him, whose words of cheer

Full oft hath scattered wide the clouds of fear,
And strewn our daily path with acts of grace,
Like flowers, all beauteous, over nature's face!
Some prophet he perchance, who, mid decay,
Assured the dawning resurrection day.
Tears! the heart's precious tribute, soft and
mild,

As pure as fall the tones of some sweet child! Like some low murmuring, music-breathing rill, Flowing beneath the daisy-spangled hill, To drain the struggling waters in the fount, That lay, deep hidden, in the caverned mount,
So do ye ease the overburden'd breast
That seeks, from trouble, to partake of rest:
At once ye are the tender sign of grief,
And the charmed anodyne that brings relief.
Yet not for care alone are your stores kept,
For in their boundless joy glad hearts have wept,
Like Joseph, in proud Egypt's wealthy land,
Grasping in ecstacy his brother's hand;
Or as an o'erjoy'd father greets his son,
When glad return brings balm for misdeeds
done.

Tears! ye are eloquent beyond compare
With softest melody that wakes the air,
Or searching words, steep'd in the fire of heaven,
Our earthborn, sordid thoughts with truth to
leaven.

Where the dark cypress marks the poet's grave, There let your heavy laden torrents lave, And while their surcharged founts they quickly flee,

Shall rise the mournful words of elegy.

But now, in happier measure, I would fing,
Of pleasures the returning seasons bring;
From silent Winter, robed in mantle drear,
Through all the changes of the circling year.
Not joyless are the days, though the low sun
At midday cannot part the mifty dun,
And nipping frosts forbid each cheerful flower
To approach within the circle of their power.
Nature's at rest, and bids us look within,
What comfort from her peace our hearts may
win,

Nursing her secret agents for the day, When fuller light shall chase the clouds away.

See how the crispy snow, in furrows deep,

Lay like the mounds where wearied mortals

fleep!

Keeping, within its warm embrace, the grain, Whose ripen'd blades adorn the summer plain. How stealthily creeps on the budding spring, When shady woodlands with sweet music ring, And hawthorn bloom, its perfume spreading high, Tempts every eager urchin paffing by!

There would I, all forgetful, careless lay,

Where lambkins, in their new-born pleasures

ftray,

And muse away the hours, that softly glide,
Like the low murmuring of the ebbing tide.
The overreaching boughs, so lightly spread,
Shall canopy my soft and verdant bed,
And shield me from the over sanguine sun,
Hast'ning, like Athlete, his fierce race to run;
And I will feast my fixed and wond'ring gaze
On triumphs boasted genius cannot raise.
Give me the gems that stud the breezy mount!
Their secret beauties I more worthy count,
Than all the painful works proud talent rears,
Or noble relics of the misty years.
For here, to every son who humbly waits,
Solace is gained like balm from Eden's gates.

How sweet befide the summer stream to rest, And watch, so lightly borne upon its breast, The fragile skiff, confiding in its glee, That nought shall turn its current, flowing free!

No sounds disturb the deep serenity,

Save the low murmuring of the active bee,

Or splashing sound, that marks the trout's fierce chase,

To seize the heedless flies, that o'er it race. How gentle is thy flow, O river sweet! That e'en the wild flowers dare thy lips to greet! And incens'd meadows to thy surface bend, As if their fragrance, for a while, to lend. All modest stands the boatman's humble cot, Envying no dwelling of a higher lot, For peace, unbought by wealth, hovers above, And seasons all his hours with holieft love. The curling folds of smoke refuse to rise, In offering to the lofty summer skies, And e'en the swallows flacken their fleet pace, As through the yielding air they hourly race. The labourer rests upon his curving scythe, And the farm lad, at morn so free and blithe, Lounges in shade, reserves his merry song, For the cool eve when home he plods along.

The thirsty kine approach the river's brink, And in its crystal waters, grateful, drink.

Thou hast, fair Spirit of Poetic tongue,
A thousand earthly lyres with sweetness strung!
Amid the restless changes Time doth bring,
Shadows our shifting fortunes rudely sling,
Sickening decay, or ever dawning life,
Calm-bearing Peace, or raging, billowy Strife,
We feel thy blest Evangel ever cheers,
Softens our sorrows and dispels our fears,
Makes every obscure sight or subtle sound,
With thrill of secret pleasure to abound.
Thou art the light of Hope's inspiring star,
When help seems dead, and fortune lingers far;
Resting upon thy promptings we can see,
Phœnix-like, joy spring from adversity.



The Evangel of Art.

HE Nature and Work of Art—Effect on the Mind, when viewing the painting of a Landscape—Art in its relation to worship—Hymn of Adoration—Art in the city—National instruction in Art—Apelles and Protogenes—Nulla dies sine linea—The principle of success in Art—Art's place in the Evangel of Heaven.



The Evangel of Art.

HERE Faithremoved the hood of unbelief, And Love, for sore distreffes, brought relief,

Song burst triumphant where the mournful lay
Poured its sad notes beneath a darken'd day,
Then Art uprear'd, as with a fairy hand,
Her luring fabrics through the waiting land.
Earth seem'd a newer sphere, a garden cleared
Of useless weeds, by indolence soon rear'd;
He, whose rude voice had mock'd the beasts of
prey,

Would now Heaven's higher instincts glad obey,
And gentleness rule every sentient nerve,
Bent on a purer, higher law to serve.
Art brought to earth the fair designs of Heaven,
Man's rude expressions with sweet grace to
leaven,

And strove to raise, in all their pristine light, Temples of beauty, charming to the fight. Yet all her earnest heart could not attain The unsullied grandeur of her type to gain; For earthly grossness soiled each finish'd plan, And kept perfection 'neath its withering ban, Like the disturbing tides, whose rapid flow Raise the obscuring sediment below, And dim the gentle river's crystal face, Where all aforetime glanced with mirror'd grace. How fail our best endeavours, faint and weak, To bring our spirits to the goal we seek!

Amid the low-born, transient things of earth,
Art claims the place of pure poetic birth,
The fair embodiment to mortal eyes,
Of thoughts, far kindled o'er the spreading
skies.

What frail, unaided mind of worldly fame, Can vie with all the triumphs of her name? She is a link between the world of bliss, And all the weakness that encircles this; Raising our thoughts to gentler, softer mood, And feasting mortals upon angels' food.

As from uncultured soil the weak flower springs,
So to the level of all coarser things,
The mind, full heedlefs falls when held within
The witching circle of alluring sin.
Each fightless form, or deadly, tragic sound
Seems with attractive virtue to abound,
And out of the illusory things of earth,
Frames its materials for elastic mirth.
Would'st thou train plastic minds to gentlest
mould,

Cleanse from foul dross to bright unsullied gold? Place in the common path, the busy round, Where panting multitudes are hourly found, Some emblem of a truth, divinely wrought, Some high-born thought the earnest poet sought; Perchance a homely virtue, pictur'd fair, May work inspiring, heart-felt comfort there, Some triumph, proudly won, or conquest made, With newborn joy the fainting heart may glad.

Who fails to share a thrill of deep delight,
When one of Nature's transcripts greets his sight?
There can he revel by the flowery bank,
Though the retiring sun hath long since sank
Upon his raven couch to gain fresh power,
To cheer the world throughout its waking hour.
However beauteous, or however fair,
About each earthly scene there lingers care,
That spoils each charming phase that Nature
wears,

And half its solace from our spirits tears.
But Art supplies the missing anodyne,
To sip mid Nature's gaity we pine.
For there the poet-limner adds new grace,
Where once had mirror'd a repulsive face.
'Tis strange that here we fancy dwells repose,
Well based security from all our foes,
Yet as the real bursts upon the fight,
It's beauty yields to care's decaying blight.
It is Heaven's kindly sympathising hand,
That weans us from a bare and fruitless land,
And lures our spirits where unfading joy,

Knows no admixture of this world's alloy.

The limner superadds, with polish'd brush, What hopes and longings through his spirit rush; A lovelier sky than canopies our land, Or fairer flowers than flourish at our hand; A deeper calm than broods within our sphere, A buoyant freedom from enslaving fear; Some haven from the cankering worm of strife, That wastes full half our brief and fretting life; These he depicts, as hope within him burns, But soon, alas! with freshen'd anguish, learns The cruel contrast earth brings to his sight, To all the fancies of his colors bright.

Make offering to thy God (severest test)
Whate'er of worldly store thou deem'st thy best;
Not the spoilt refuse, when thy heart's desire
Is fed, with all its daily needs require.
If thou would'st raise to him some hallowed fane,
All that the genius of fair Art can gain,
And thou afford from Bounty's favoured store,

With stintless measure in His treasury pour. 'Tis meet to see high intellect bend low, And Him, who lit its fire, right humbly know. Why should the sweetest music rise on high From lips, untouch'd with Heaven's pure sanctity? Or Art's best triumphs tower above with grace, All dedicate to taint our youthful race? 'Tis the device of subtle, crafty sin, With all that's pure to claim confiding kin; But sooner will the darkness greet the light, Or foul Oppression bend to lawful Right, Pride, of itself, in its own mirror see, The loveliness of sweet Humility, Than grace and beauty own the unhallow'd tie, Or claim with vice secret affinity.

Say ye that God accepts before the state Of costly Art, within his temple's gate, The meaner offerings, cast in humbler mould, Strangers to skill'd design in glistening gold? No! he demands as perfect sacrifice As from thy earthly lot can grateful rise; The firstfruits of thy labour, stintless given, Liberal as fall the Spring's pure drops from Heaven,

That feed thy spreading fields, a fertile womb,

And call fair blossoms from their darken'd tomb.

Let no sweet balmy sleep seal up thine eyes, Till thou hast rendered most thine heart doth prize.

Through the cathedral's long and shadowy view,
Mark the fair monuments of worship true!
Here did the soul expend its noblest power,
And pay the tribute of its princely dower;
As gratitude seeks ever to repay
A mother's tenderness in manhood's day.
'Neath the carved dome, wrought out with wondrous skill,

We read the lesson of a chastened will, How time may be all consecrate to God, How holy was the path our fathers trod, How life, and work, and every finish'd art, Refused from their unsullied fount to part.

Full oft, with niggard hand, men faithless, raise Unfightly even to the uncultur'd gaze Of tasteless multitudes, a sacred pile, And justify its poverty the while. Can God desire, whose Spirit girds all lands, A beauteous structure, built by mortal hands? Would he not rather see the spirit low, Than care within what temple we may bow? Vain plea! the flimsy veil is torn! Your condemnation on your lips is borne! Ye strip God's house, his Spirit's bleft abode, And your own palaces with luxuries load. Oh! let no Pharisaic taint be yours! Only the pure in heart and life endures; All that is beautiful in sea and sod Claims nearer presence to the living God.

Thee we adore, O glorious God!

In simple hymn or gorgeous psalm;

Breathe, from thy fount of living love,

The bliss of thy sweet Spirit's calm!

Thee we adore, O mystic Being!
In all the music's thrilling swell;
Fain would we cast our offerings poor
Where thy high Majesty doth dwell.

Thee we adore! but oh! how vain
Our feeble efforts serve to tell
The secret fulness of our hearts,
What passion'd thoughts our bosoms swell.

Here, in this house of mortal mould, All lavish will we humbly fill With trophies of our lowly toil— Marks of a pure and chasten'd will.

Let the broad arch with sculpture gleam! Exhaust thy skill, thy treasur'd store! Let heart, and mind, and body join, Th' Eternal Spirit to adore!

Morning and noon, and filent night,
Days of chill want, or boundless store,

'Mid all the changing, fitful times, Thee, O Eternal, we adore!

All is for good, though dark it seem, Man is the only wrongful doer; Thee will we worship, Source of good, Thee, without ceasing, e'er adore.

Thee we adore, O glorious God!

In simple hymn or gorgeous psalm;
Breathe, from thy fount of living love,
The bliss of thy sweet Spirit's calm!

Within the city's unattractive walls,

No sweet inviting voice of nature calls,

No fresh'ning vigor nerves the weary life,

Nor gentle calm e'er quells its raging strife.

Proud self enslaves the higher powers of man,

And crushes all beneath its narrow ban.

The merchant hastens, ere the brief day slies,

Fulfilling his chief purpose 'neath the skies—

To gird himself with cincture of sine gold,

And mount to greatness in its favoured fold.

For will he not gain all the pomp of state,
While myriads on his favours lowly wait?

Poor mortal! pauper of another power,
That lends thee, for a time, thy golden dower,
That all within thy circle may rejoice,
And reap soft comfort from thy pitying voice.
But thou, vain puppet of a passing hour,
Would'st sain persuade that thou creat'st thy
power;

Superior knowledge, tact or energy
Hath gendered all thy gay prosperity.
"Tis Heaven's severe probation, mind thee well!
Increasing bleffings man's account will swell.
If thou hast much, then much waits to be done,
As stars doth less enlighten than the sun.

Art brings her soft corrective where the sound Of busy traffic makes its constant round, And weans awhile the trader's earnest gaze, That upward his dull spirit she may raise. Perchance the sculptur'd image of a sage,

Who brought rich bleffings to his barren age, May to his callous soul this memory bring, That not from burnish'd gold high virtues spring. Or perhaps the veteran shape of warrior bold, Harden'd mid tropic heat or polar cold, Whose country's honour stirr'd his glowing soul To grave his name on Victory's glorious roll, Viewed oft amid the world's absorbing greed, May prompt the heart to some unselfish deed. Or is it some subdued and martyr'd form. Like a fair vessel scatter'd by the storm, That breathes the tone of triumph e'en in death, Renewing the blest Spirit's secret breath, To fan our flickering hopes, well nigh all fled, With freshen'd life as to the filent dead? Yes! triumph e'en in death: 'tis not the life That sees full oft the calm that follows strife; For victory, though proud bigots loudly rave, Dawns o'er the martyr's blood-besprinkled grave.

'Tis the sore penalty the prophet pays, Who heralds in the light of happier days, That midst the worlding's vain and empty boast, Shall be reared high his precious holocaust. Alas for him, who dares beyond his age, Of holier days to show the emblazon'd page! The widen'd contrast genders poison'd hate, As each lost soul reads his own darken'd fate. How crushing will the condemnation be Of those who harbour ignorance willingly! Refuse the light, cast in the common way, And court the darkness for the cheering day!

I would the poorest in our noble land, Were led by Art's all-captivating hand. Her gentle sway is such that every power Of mind, or body, yields her humble dower. Softness displaces the uncultur'd mode, Brightness and beauty, the despis'd abode, And tenderness of touch, and sweetest tone, Assert their right to the heart's honor'd throne. In this must all, both high and low, agree, How well she merits the supremacy. For if we reason thus, that hand and eye

Are train'd to forms of pleasing symmetry,

And through them, to the mind's deep hidden spring,

Pure thoughts are borne on fleet yet gentle wing.

Art reaches thus, where all our thoughts are born,

Our life with richest graces to adorn.

So would I bless the poor with all the grace,
That glances from her all-entrancing face,
Nor grudge one bleffing her Evangel brings,
To bid men rise above all coarser things.

Apelles hath been here: nought but his mind,
Amid these sunny islets will ye find,
Whose witching power could circle lines like these,
So delicately framed the eye to please,
Would he not fan my hard and toil-won fame,
And lightly pass the blighting word of blame?
Not with an envied malice would he cast
His ftrictures like the fury of the blaft,
To crush the little light, just dawning clear,

But the aspiring soul aright to steer.

Thus will we think Protogenes that day
Mus'd, when Apelles pass'd upon his way,
And left no name behind, but one brief sign—
A perfect, matchless, and immortal line.

Dear Soul! hast thou no line to leave behind,
No mark of good, wrought for thy day and kind,
Not one light print upon the world's wide shore,
Ere thou bid farewell to it evermore?

Strive, though unseen and narrow be thy sphere,
To soothe one heart, to stem one starting tear,
Then shall thy sojourn here be not in vain,
For in thy deed shalt thou live o'er again.

Well said Apelles, let no transient day,
Without a line e'er dimly pass away;
Perfection to attain needs all thy skill,
And constant chastening of thy rebel will;
As by small units, slowly 'neath the sea,
The coral structure rises silently,
Till high above the foamy, timorous spray,
It greets the sunlight of the cheery day,

And quickly o'er its bare and rocky creft, Nature supplies a couch her sons to reft.

On touch as slender rests the good effect, As would remove another sad defect: Like as the sever'd ray, prismatic hues, By unseen shades into each other fuse. One grain may make the balance gently sway, One trifling effort bear the fault away. Observe fair Nature all enquiringly, The trembling leaf on every varied tree, The ever-changing, lightly floating cloud, Burden'd with gold, or darkness to enshroud; Watch the gray shades, soft gathering in the west, Precursor of the labourer's balmy reft, Folding each shape within its calm repose, Till kindly night her ebon curtain draws; Rise with the earliest blush of crimson dawn, Drink in each rich and full inspiring tone, As Phœbus mounts his chariot, burnish'd gold, His azure course to run like warrior bold; Mark how the dewdrop circles on the thorn,

Ere to its cloudy parent it is borne;
How rich the emerald of the lowly grass,
Ere noontide heats across its surface pass;
Watch how the brook, obedient to the breeze,
Ripples beneath the overshadowing trees,
Curving more graceful when the obstructing
rock

Seeks to withstand it with unmeasur'd shock; Like a true heart that yields the sweetest fruit, When sore afflictions press their sombre suit.

Our wayward spirits fail the truth to gain, As on each worthy object we disdain, Thoughtful, to bend the mind's discerning eye, And catch each beauty, softly lingering by. One little work, with painful study wrought, Excels the spreading canvass, widely fraught With glaring color, to entrance the fight, And blind defection by its dazzling light. Nearer we view the handywork of God, The tiniest blade that rises from the sod, Perfection, on perfection higher rears,

As each past age unfolds to our young years, Its gather'd knowledge that our dawning life, May better meet the world's embitter'd strife. Things are not as they seem to our frail view, Else would the mirage snare be refuge true, The alluring wisp, a friendly cotter's fire, Reality itself like man's desire.

Trust not the unguarded sense to teach thee right,

For thy best powers are paralyzed with blight, As the nipp'd grain, within its ripen'd fold, Mocks the bright beauty of its harvest gold. Think closely, gaze with earnest, painful care, For beauties spring where men are least aware, And Truth obscurely lurks that we may wait, All humbly where she keeps her royal state.

When Faith and Poetry and Love divine, About man's spirit fondly intertwine, Feasting his soul with viands rich and rare, Art then descends to share the triumph there. Not to be first does she aspire, nor claim Like mock redeemers who, to rear their fame, Pronounce all other prophets sons of hell, And loudly of their doom ring out the knell.

- "This is Heaven's way," one cries, "by this alone
- "Are weary mortals to their sweet rest borne.
- "A vision in the night, vouchsafed to me
- "Reveal'd the overshadowing mystery.
- "Calm your sad hearts and filence all your doubt,
- "Put these false spirits to dishonoured rout!
- "Fain would they lure you to their darken'd home—
- "Cheerless abyss, and lifeless as the tomb."
 Thus on some ruin'd system would they raise
 Their sandbuilt structure for admiring gaze;
 As if, forsooth, not e'en a little space,
 Were left within this world to bless our race,
 No room for good, no lesson to be taught,
 Till every fancied heresy is fought.

But now, with happier eyes, would we behold,

Than hot fanatic, robed in selfish fold; Much error strews our path with serpent coil, Feeding all secretly on fertile soil, Link'd with the truth, with union so refin'd, That where truth ends 'tis often hard to find : For False and True are not so absolute. As would fix'd definitions always suit; Not clearly absolute to our dim eyes, Though widely separate as sea and skies. Presumptuous man, vain of his little power, To his own level Heaven's appeal would lower, Anticipate the verdict held in store For unbound souls beyond Death's gloomy door. Wait! let the plant unfold to timely fruit, Nor for its produce haste in wild pursuit. When every sunny sky and drop of rain Have spent their energy the end to gain, And barren fields reflect no bending store. Then of bright glowing hope indulge no more. But God's sweet grace, so freely given to man, Can compass what frail mortals never can. Think not from truth he wanders far away

Who renders homage in a varied way,
Or beats a path, untrodden by his sires,
As each new hope his throbbing bosom fires.
Hast thou gained all that Wisdom meant to
give?

To pattern of the holiest dost thou live?

If not, oh! then distrust thy gather'd lore,
And seek full humbly to attain to more!

Rejoice at every dawning of new light,
Brought from the bosom of the mental night,
Nor scorn it though it may not well agree,
With what thou deem'st is changeless certainty.

But not in pride of dazzling, lofty place, Did modest Art seek to renew our race; Knowing her sphere, all soft and silently, She sought the haunts of dark obscurity, Willing to give to each whose common aim, Was ever the poor outcast to reclaim, That reverence due, mark of unselfish mind, With tenderness suffus'd, with love refined. Thus ever and anon, sweet Spirit, fold, All waiting hearts within thy graceful mould. Here, o'er our land of empty, ghastly dearth, Hover thou Spirit of eternal birth! Where the foul outgrowths of pollution spring, There of thy searching brightness gently fling, And make each happy form within our way Type of the city with unfading day. If but one struggling hope, or faltering figh, Thou promptest from the wanderer, paffing by, Enough—thy welcome mission is attain'd, The genius of thy graceful Spirit gained.



The Evangel of Philosophy.

HE order of true education—Man's relation to the earth—His pristine state contrasted with his present—the perfection of Nature—the new life—Geology and modern theories of Man's origin—the telescopic and microscopic worlds—Science and Religion—The province of Philosophy—Conclusion.



The Evangel of Philosophy.

Intent on solving earth's veil'd mystery.

The hush of lowly reverence girt her way,
Hallow'd her soul, as the soft beams of day
Supplant the coward night and quick unfold
Nature's rich treasures, azure, emerald, gold.
This was the key to mortals, gracious given,
Wisdom's sole entrance, passport sure to Heaven.
Last of the Spirits, yet embodiment
Of all the truth, Heaven by her comrades sent;
For each had learnt, ere yet the King, in love,
Sent them to earth, far from their home above,
What forms a nature, persect, pure, and free,

Clear from the stain of blind infirmity.

Here must the work by slow degrees be done, As to meridian height the ambitious Sun Rises, when each low mist affrighted slies, Transformed to vapour, 'neath the burnish'd skies.

By flow degrees, and that which should be first, (Else of our Spirits would the end be worst) Must man be led, if all should not be vain, And Heaven's Evangel, fruitless, turn again. So Faith-led, and the heart suffus'd with Love, Fire of Poetic, burning from above, Art seeking each rude motion to direct, Anxious our pathway with her grace be deck'd, On this foundation, Mind-built would we be, Equipp'd to break earth's sealed mystery.

The world is one in Author and defign,
That Author perfect, and the end benign;
Man is the only wrongful doer, and he
Bears the black curse of Heaven's high majesty.
Do the sweet flowers emit less fragrance round,
Than when enclos'd in Eden's happy bound?

Or Autumn fail less of its russet store,
Than when within the cherub-guarded door?
Are Summer streams less cooling, less serene
Than those which water'd Eden's changeless
green?

Do the proud hills less charm with graceful curve,

Or in their wise economy less serve
Their kindly purpose, in these latter days,
Than when they drew our primal Father's gaze?
No! surely these received no bitter ban,
He who had err'd was conscious, sentient man.

The ground is curs'd, but curs'd to man alone; He, deeply fallen from perfection's throne, Sees with dimm'd eyes, and levels to his view All that is perfect, beautiful and true. Toil—now hard toil—but then all pleasantly He saw the shadows of each blest day fly, Felt all invigorate when th' emblazon'd eve Brought him the signal for his toil to leave. Peaceful accord reign'd in his mind serene;

Nature in dimless purity was seen;
Not here a useless weed, or there a briar,
Ungenial toil his willing limbs to tire;
A weed, (contemptuous named) was not a weed,
But flowery beauty for some urgent need;
Each knew its place, and there, in loveliness,
Waited in joy, man's needful hours to bless
Where, with all grateful heart, man sow'd his
bread,

No hostile tares show'd their unhallow'd head; Nature in unison join'd his heart's song, And thus in peace pass'd the glad hours along.

Where then the change? Can'ft thou not easy scan?

Not in firm nature but inconflant man. Where once was bliss, now woe he ever sees, What he once courted, now in terror flees. The mirror, broken and bedimm'd, now bears Reflections of a thousand wearying cares, Creates a curse, where no real curse abides, Marks every pathway just with evil's strides.

Ah! here he cries, has fin his arrow cast!

See it unquiver'd in th' o'erpowering blast,

Bearing to ruin, like a toy in play,

The well-built bark, upon its watery way!

Shall we not, asks he, to man's wayward will,

Ascribe the sury of th' volcanic hill,

Pouring o'er cities its consuming flood,

Planting a desert, where an Eden stood?

Surely must this be the disastrous price,

For pleasures barter'd in blest Paradise!

All is for good: in nature perfect, fair,
No useless instrument e'er lingers there;
That self-same force thou deem'st for cruel end,
Gives every valley its enchanting bend,
Exalts the hills, within whose bosoms rise
The cooling streams, grateful to languid eyes,
Sent gentle Tigris on his honoured round,
To water Eden's consecrated ground.
In the same sacred bound the burden'd trees
Answer'd in whispers evening's amorous breeze,
But that soft Zephyr we must surely own,

Is but the parent of the whirlwind's frown.

Refrain O man, then thy irreverent breath!

Is not the circle wide enough of death?

Why art thou careful to seek kindred ill,

When with thine own a world thou mightest fill?

As men in others troubles oft find ease

Dost thou expect, by blighting earth, some
peace ?

Vain hope! for like a mirror without flaw, Earth's purity will show the broken law.

When life has scatter'd its last slippery grains, And a new world succeeds upon thy pains, Employments new and faculties increas'd, Duration measureless to mortals leas'd, How, heedless man, wilt thou prepar'd then be Within this circle of eternity? Prepared: yes, by tuition of th' eternal mind, Years upon years, renewing power find, Or by neglect pale weakness e'er is wrought, Till man becomes a shadow or a mote.

For each works out his own sure deftiny,
Nor of his deeds the end can he less flee,
Than outrun his own shadow in the way,
Or out of darkness frame the dazzling day.
Plead ignorance i but the rudest stone
Speaks to thee, heedless, in its simple tone,
And every form in ocean, sky, or land,
Points thy clear duty with unerring hand.
Mark well! fair nature chiefly was for thee,
To mirror all thy own infirmity,
And seeing it to lure thee for more strength,
As Spring's successive days increase in length.

Thou hast, O Sage-like Spirit, wise and true, Wide open'd Earth's stone volume to our view. Rock upon rock from lowliest depths we see, Rife with the signs of past activity, Save where the granite basement's stery strife Banish'd all semblance of organic life. How tiny our brief life with this appears! Who will enumerate the myriad years, Old Earth hath revell'd on his circling way,

Since Heaven rejoic'd upon his natal day. What matters it though men can clearly scan, (Or fancy such) remnants of ancient man, Stretching in years far o'er the penal flood, Or when in finless innocence man stood? What can it well avail if countless vears Within our human history appears, Except alas! to chide us that we still Fail Heaven's measure of the truth to fill? Give all the years that bound the mistiest time. Make man adapted to each varied clime That girt our world before this later age, Tropic or polar on the stony page; Though through each epoch human traces ran, Yet in the outset God created man. Seek'ft thou to solve the secret of his birth. Thou, the like offspring of our common earth? Development from meaner would but bring Thee, with thy science, to the meanest thing. And then, when pondering o'er the Zoöphyte, Like a gay flow'ret to the careless fight, Where next proceed to join the latest link,

To what low depth of life would'st thou then sink?

A limit there must be to all thy thought,
And, lest to wild confusion though be brought,
Contented rest though thou be courted less,
Than they who careless build on hazard guess.
Development from e'en the obscurest sod,
Robs not creation of its wondrous God.

Alas! there are, who in the pride of mind, Would thrust out Providence, keep God confined,

Fancy the world a helmless ship at sea,
Able itself to find security;
And through the subtlest links of gradual change,
From perfect to inferior, lengthen'd range,
Tracing man's being to the smallest mote,
The monad, under optic power brought,
Think then that less of power divine was shown
Than man created with his powers grown.
But thy Evangel, Spirit of the True!
Teaches that God is present to our view,

Mighty within the insect's tinted wing,
Or infusoria that in myriads spring,
Newborn, from out the decomposing grass,
Perfection wondrous 'neath the magic glass,
As in the human form's nobility,
Or deathless mind, framed for eternity.
Each nodding leaf, obedient to the gale,
Echoing tones from sweet birds in the vale,
Bloffoming hawthorn, bridal flowers to gird
For nuptial chaplets, o'er each wedded bird,
Building, beneath its perfum'd roof, a neft,
Centre of purest love, of balmiest rest;
Rain's fresh'ning shower, womb of the rainbow's
hue,

Pavement of Heaven, of richest loveliest blue, Cimmerian night, speckled with starry gem, As if its gloomy sadness to condemn; Morn with its dewy wreaths on every spray, Nature's libation, ere the heated day Calls every agent to obey its will, Its hourly scale of duty to fulfil; Light's gilding pencils, separate each rich hue, Divided by the timorous spheres of dew; All within Nature's temple bids me see God ever present in his majesty. So will I bow me by the simple grass, And win fresh gratitude where'er I pass; O'er fertile meadow, or on barren sod, My heart shall consecrate itself to God.

Be our delight not as the fierce desire
Of Alchemist, befide his mystic fire,
Vainly employ'd his dross to change to gold,
And snatch proud, flippery wealth within his
fold;

But while we trace the latent powers that hide Within the common brook, or broad wayside; Or elements unique that form the dew—Gases that mock our feeble mortal view, Pleasure we feel that order'd unity, We gather from confus'd diversity. Like children picking pebbles on the shore, We gather wisdom from earth's fertile floor; But oh! how scanty our best store appears,

After the toil of life's most favoured years! This is the end of all our searching pains, Not what we've won, but what beyond remains.

Glance through the night-gloom, where unmeasured space,

For all its burnish'd habitants finds place; No path disputed, no loose vagrant found, In all the viewless ether's mystic bound. World upon world, yet unresolv'd to man, And e'en perchance of other hosts the van, Bewilder, till in wonder we are lost, And find no place for human pride, or boast. What worms! what children of an hour! In fight of all this overwhelming power! How fade our petty schemes, like mists of morn, When Sol's dispelling energy is born! How gravitate, in spite of wayward will, Our actions heaven's purpose to fulfil! Oh! can it be that there in purity, The human soul rejoices happily? No Eden violate, no taint of sin,

Within its burning doors hath enter'd in?
Or are these spreading hosts soil'd with foul stains,

Like Earth, where Evil in its triumph reigns? Let us in pity hope that gaping space Hath frighted Sin from this enchanted place, That no blest mission need be exiled there, Where all is happy and surpassing fair.

Two poles of being, widely separate,
The one sublime in its revolving state,
The other lurking unseen by the way,
Spurn'd, though perfection in its circle lay;
Between the two stands undiscerning man
Careless of each the mystery to scan,
Bent on some end that with it bears decay,
Ere it hath scarcely seen the beaming day.
But wisdom is enduring, proudly strong,
Its freshness e'er renews, as years along
Their stealthy course pursue all filently,
Till time's quick waning light for ever flee.
Thus will the man be blest in life's last day

Who builds upon true wisdom's surer stay;
Then will it justify his happy choice,
Cheer with its gentle and assuring voice,
As through Death's chilly waters, dark and drear,
He leaves for joyousness the realms of fear.

A busy world thrives in the village pond, Knit into unity by closest bond. Here the unlightly pupa, in repose, Its dingy portals to all care doth close, Waiting in patience the renewing day, To cast for ever its sore bonds away. Oh! by what struggles each new step is won Ere she can revel in the dazzling sun, That lends enchantment to her painted wings As neath his sway all floral beauty springs. So must we wait, though wearied with the strife, Wait for the dawning of the happier life; Care and disease and contumely must still Our daily portion with its bitter fill; Yet out of these, as sure as fresh'ning morn Upon the shadows of the night is borne,

Or the rich flood bursts through the needy earth, Where ebbing tides created ghastly dearth, Yet out of these shall rise the purer days, When Error yields to Truth's unsullied rays.

No wide divorce, like things of earthly mould, Snapp'd the blest Spirit's all embracing fold. Each felt its own success in others weal, Nor pangs of hooded jealousy would feel Whene'er a triumph crown'd some hard work done,

Some conquest made, some dubious victory won.

And should Faith's children now refuse their
hand

To close fair Science in their golden band?
Would they not thence obtain redoubled power
To bless the world with all Faith's fresh'ning
dower?

Tis want of faith, notifits full strength put out, That meets Philosophy with halting doubt, Withdraws herself, where she should leaven with good,

Unnatural as a man refusing food To his own offspring, given for wisest end-Some work to compass, some sweet hope to lend. For why despise the lowliest, though a cot Roof the unenvied pleasures of its lot? That which is mean to thee is rich to God. Like perfume of the violet from the sod. In the world's culture from that fightless shed May issue light that myriads may be led. Much less despise this Spirit, noble, wise, Revealing day by day to wond'ring eyes, The mysteries of a world we proudly tread, Yet heed not save from it we win our bread; A blest Evangel waiting every hour, Within thy needy doors its joys to pour. In the dark hour of fickness, feeble, wan, How vain to help, the palsied hand of man, Lacking thy power, Philosophy divine, To bring the quick-relieving anodyne! They who discard thee when all terrors flee, Court thee full humbly in necessity, And gladly own thy sway if but one joy

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Thou bring'st to earth to lighten care's alloy.

Fear thou no cruel inroad on thine heart, Nought the blest Word from thee shall ever part, Deep in the Soul's foundations it doth lie Far 'yond the reach of all Philosophy. She, searching Spirit, moans when'er she sees The vague conjectures of her devotees, Guesses that bring no lasting happiness, But tend to make our brightest hopes the less. For well she feels that all her inward power Is not her own, but Faith's reflected dower. Avaunt ye! who would change our solid peace For barren fancies, with no happy lease Of separation from our wearying strife, No balm to ease the deep-set griefs of life. Supply a loftier faith for us to hold, Bring for our dross the costliness of gold, Let us more liberal own Hope's ample store, Ere for our bleffings we pursue for more. Ah! but the world's heart mocks your deathly sound,

No anchorage, no haven, no safe ground,
Toffing all wildly, like a helmless bark,
The waves all rampant, and the prospect dark.
Ye seek amiss; for 'tis not here that lie
The aims of sound philosophy.
No heart-work (save the inftructed mind
Close intercourse with the affections find)
Is hers, but rather intellect to ftore
With the conclusions of her gather'd lore.
Her bosom heaves with philanthropic swell,
Only when Faith and Love within her dwell.

Thou art, O thoughtful-eyed Philosophy,
Stern fifter of what truths beneath us lie.
The bigot, bound to one absorbing thought,
Dreads the wide-open'd vision thou hast brought,
And, if he dare, would smother with his might,
Each dawning ray of thy discovering light;
As if forsooth no knowledge yet remain'd,
Beyond his narrow circle to be gained.
Old Superstition, child of ignorance wild,
Who the wide world with error dark hath fill'd,

Cowers beneath thy glance as a meek flower Bends all submiffive to the tempest's power. Thou measurest, O Spirit, in thy school, Thoughts as they 're born, with stern and haughty rule;

One test dispels the falsehood from the true,
Like mists of morn from our enchanted view.
Student of Piety! art thou asraid
Thy duty's Standard should be lowly laid,
And thou lest friendless o'er the world's grim
waste,

No line to follow and no food to tafte?

It cannot be! for planted on the rock,
God's truth refiftless bears the threat'ning fhock,
And challenges, yea courts our searching
thought,

That clearer to our souls it may be brought. Fear not for truth but what men think is true, Half fledg'd delusions of their blinded view, Worn-out traditions of a mifly age—Unfightly blots on History's glowing page, Accretions gather'd in a worthless day,

When Truth was subject to blank Error's sway, Comments upon the Word, that gospels two Make out of one, the Blest, the only True, Forging a yoke too hard for minds to bear, Supplying scorpions for the heavenly fare; These in the light of reason pale away, As the uncertain gleams of morning gray, Vield to the fuller light that noontide brings, As the day hastens on its burnish'd wings.

So Spirit give to all th' enquiring mind,
The beauties of the universe to find,
Relations wondrous, an unbroken link,
A fount of pleasure, for our souls to drink;
Such pleasure, that the world is envied not,
With all the trappings of its dazzling lot.
No joyless ending breaks our feast of soul,
No dark forebodings o'er all spirits roll,
Like the grim phantom that for ever dwells
Amid the irreverent, sensual mirth that swells
High from the reveller's banquet—empty fare,
And mars his pleasure by its presence there;

But like the flow of a perennial fount, Our spirits step by step for ever mount, Till in God's bosom they shall softly rest, Like a lost bird that's found its shelter'd nest, Where all its simple joy centres so sweet, And kindred voices its return doth greet.

My fancy saw the Spirits' upward flight,
Back to the palace of unsullied light;
And fain I would have follow'd, but no sin
Within the enchanted ground can enter in.
Leaping o'er Time's contracted boundary,
I saw earth rolling, holy, fair and free;
But when my fancy fled, and earthly mood
Crept o'er my spirits, in diffrust I stood,
And well nigh all my strongest faith gave way
That e'er would rise a holier, happier day;
Rampant seemed Folly, Victory crown'd the
Wrong,

Error kept holiday with merry song, And my heart sank, but yet as quick uprose, For Heaven must triumph o'er its deadliest foes. Miscellaneous Poems.

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A Shylark's Lesson.

SAY beauteous bird! why leave thy kin
Amid the woods and streams and flowers?
Can'st thou, indeed, 'mid lightsome clouds,
Find fair retreats as Nature's bowers?

Men boast that earth supplies their need

To kindle thoughts for all the times;

That through the ages it hath formed

All rapturous themes in ringing rhymes.

That mountains, stars and floods, when seen In visions of poetic light,

Bear off the soul in ecstacy,

Beyond the bounds of human fight.

But thou art timid, voiceless here,
Like mourners near a bed of pain,
Who fear to mock by gladsome tones,
And thus from joyous speech refrain.

And yet, O bird of matchless song,
While singing in the morning sheen,
Far, far away from homes of men,
A lesson dost thou teach I ween.

No soul inspiring lay thou pour'st Around the tragic haunts of sin; But mounting high 'mid sunny beams, Thy tuneful melodies begin.

Wond'ring, we upward, upward gaze, We hear thee, but the dazzling light Forbids the approach of human eye, And dims our feeble, finful fight.

The tune hath ceased, the charm is gone,
As to the earth thou bear'st away;
And thus we learn the source of song—
The genius of the poet's lay.



Holy Ground.

Seek not afar for holy ground, As if its radiance bless'd another sphere; While deeds of genius on fair history's page Speak filently that holy ground is near.

'Tis holy ground where love is born,
Or thoughts arise that kindle distant days;
Or where the poet-soul first tuned his lyre,
And charmed the world with his undying lays.

'Tis holy ground where prayers arise

From priestly lips, as in the ancient plan;

That heaven may guard and bless that sacred spot,

And win it from the coarser ways of man.

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In holy ground repose the dead, Whose memories linger like a summer day, Which scarcely reaches the dark bounds of night, Ere morn arises with its golden ray.

Tread softly, lisp a gentler word,
The spirits of a mighty race abound;
Learn wisdom at the tomb where greatness lies,
And reap the fruits that spring on holy ground.

The fruits that grow on holy soil Arouse to nobler acts both sire and son; Perchance a new Thermopylæ we gain, Or deeds excelling ancient Marathon.

Make wide the sphere of holy ground! Our love can consecrate the dreariest spot; Shechina-like, love sheds its presence round, And brings heaven nearer to our humble lot.

The World's Age.

THE world is young, why fit and wait
To see its barriers sundered?
Some noble work of love complete,
Ere yet your days be numbered.

The world is young, and time remains

For deeds of worth yet slumbering;

While new fledged birds are on the wing,

Or laden'd bees are humming.

The world is young, while yet a blade Is kiss'd by amorous showers; Or Spring-time gladdens in her bloom Or Autumn boasts her dowers.

The flothful say the world is old,
And Wisdom fires no longer,
That Knowledge hath fulfilled its end,
And Mind becomes no fironger;

That end of all things is at hand,
And, like a vision seeming,
Shall pass before our wond'ring eyes
As joys pass after dreaming.

Believe them not! for all is young, And duty calls as ever: The wise will listen to her voice, And self from sloth dissever.

The world is young, but if 'twere old,
There's no time for reclining;
For from the dross of selfish days
The heart needs oft refining.

Look to the present not to days

Begirt with clouds uncertain;

If guidance could be gained from thence,

Our God would lift the curtain.

The footworn pathways of the just,
To ages yet shall lengthen;
Each work begun, each duty done,
The golden way shall strengthen.



Home in Winter.

Bring hither the book my love, Replenish the generous fire; For the Winter's blast more cruelly blows, Like a giant's ungovern'd ire.

And the world without is sad, Not a stream can merrily flow, Nor a footstep dare on the cheerless moor, Buried deep 'neath the drifting snow.

But here is our world of joy:
What heed we the toys of state,
Or the perishing trappings that gaily mark
The proud lordling's lostier fate?

Our circle is narrow 'tis true; But wide is the lowliest place, Where affection fits as an honoured Queen, And wisdom adorns with her grace.

Full low in the heavens at noon, Hangs the sun with an angry face; With an angry face, for the freezing mists Seem to blot him out of space.

Thus fleetly the short day falls, As if willing thus to leave The joys of the darken'd Winter time. To the closely curtained eve.

So bring me the book my love; While the boys in wholesome glee, Right heartily pass the welcome night In their harmless revelry.

And thou, if thou wilt, shalt weave Thy netting with measured knot, While I read of a web most rarely spun By the Lady of Shalott.

Whom visions of worldly fame, Like a mirage slowly led, Till her spirit forsook the flowery web, And her poet-soul was dead.

And the magic mirror broke,
And a curse fell on her head,
Whilst the colors and forms the once could frame,
Her cunning for ever fled.

They fled as the day-light flies
From the overspreading night,
And her power decayed as the golden grain,
Laid low by the deadly blight.

Though we cannot weave so fair As the Lady of Shalott, Yet let us with lowly toil prepare A state that shall perish not.

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For Life's Winter soon will come, When the leaves and flowers decay, That have brighten'd the hours of joyous youth, And sweeten'd our riper day.

But we'll care not whilst we sow Fresh seeds for a higher Spring, That shall blossom apart from the tarnish of time, And unfading beauties bring.





The Early Primrose.

HAT mischance, O faint-hued flower!

Cast thee on this cheerless bank?

Neath the blustering tongue of March,

Other flow'rets would have sank.

Scarcely hath the last snow-patch
Parted from the windy hill,
Scarcely have the Spring birds trill'd
The notes that all the valleys fill,

Ere thy amber petals bloom
On a knot of leaves decay'd,
Remnants of a noble wreck,
Which the cruel Winter made.

Ah! methinks I know full well, What within thee thus defies Stealthy night-frosts, chilling rains, Blackest anger of the skies.

Of bright Flora's perfum'd train
Thee Heaven made to lead the van,
That the promise of the year,
Thou might'st be to expectant man.

Temper'd light thy petals shed,
Temper'd to the lengthening day,
That thy strength may needful be,
If the blast should pass thy way.

Just what light heaven casts abroad,
Thou reflect'st with purest rays—
Welcome life in dreary times,
Cheering hope of coming days.

Like a Poet true art thou, Satisfying inward needs; Not a teacher, whose proud mind On some baseless fancy feeds.

Well may children with a heart, Bounding with fresh-born delight, Cull thee in the flowerless days, When thou art a cheering fight.

So, sweet Primrose, Child of Spring!

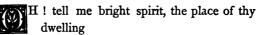
No mischance hath thrown thee here,
But that Wisdom which ordains

Blessings for the circling year.





Fairy Music.



That I may abide with thee never to part!

Is't where the bright flowers bloom, ever excelling

The touches of fancy or triumphs of art?

Do storm-clouds surround thee, or Winter's low moaning

Send up sadd'ning melodies near to thy throne?
Or art thou attended by fairies enchanting
'Mid dulcet sounds over thy palaces borne?

Oh! tell me if sorrow is known in that haven, Or tears flow as ever when mortals are sad, Or in that far region do joys ever gladden,

And are its wide fields with bright verdure e'er

clad

In truth, fairy spirit, thy dwelling must be
A reflection of all thy pure soul feels within;
For even a glance thou bestow'st upon me,
Makes virtue and joy of sorrow and sin.

Why paffest thou fleetly from hearts that would keep thee, *

And leav'st but an echo behind in the breast?

Oh! beautiful spirit! bring calm to the weary,

Abide with us ever and give us thy rest.



A Bird's Song.

little airy messenger
Upon the window sill
Rests every morn, with gladness
My inmost heart to fill.

If morn be sad or lovely,

No matter, for my friend

Hath store mid gloom or sunshine

Of joyousness to lend.

It brings from Halcyon vales the balm
That soothes the troubled breast,
Its song hath sweetest anodyne
To charm the heart to rest.

A lovely vision filled my soul: I long'd to gain the prize; But as before some Tantalus, It pass'd before my eyes. My little bird trilled every song
In vain on liftless ears;
My heart, that erst with gladness rang,
Was flave to jealous fears.

A little fairy messenger God sent one summer's morn, As I lay sadden'd mid the gay, And felt my heart forlorn.

The silent chords were tuned anew,
And nature dress'd so gay,
That one hath thought the dreary night
Had yielded to the day.

Man's greatest joys spring from within:
Who can his bosom know?
His heart paints nature fair or sad,
As tides alternate flow.

My little bird soon found response Renewed to every song; And now I link it with what joys To wedded love belong.

The Abode of Penee.

AN is disquieted within himself,

Like some faint hart before the yelling hounds;

Beyond the horizon of his fretting life, He fain would leap the high forbidden bounds.

Mark you that stream, through wood and vale that glides!

No shadows wrap it in a mournful shroud; Its narrowing path it runs until it seems At last to rest within its parent cloud.

Ah! surely where it greets the golden sky,
Like maiden parted long from lover's breaft,
There may he find the haven that he seeks,
And banish fear and toil for needful reft.

For here he finds a quicksand, treacherous, weak, And nature sounds a requiem in his ear; No sunbeam glances save a storm-cloud pass, Nor Autumn ripens but 'mid leaves grown sere.

All seems reposing in the diftant vale,
Embosom'd in its purple fold of air;
But oh! vain wish, the mirage prospect flies,
And leaves him desolate and hopeless there.

Where then shall peace be found, 'mid city's din, And 'mid rank sepulchres though coloured fair? Or where the lingering forms of sickness lay, The herd more happy in their lowly lair?

Fair peace is not afar if thou would'st know:
No place or limit bounds her gentle sway:
Prepare thy longing heart and she will shed
Within its chambers all the light of day.

Oh! look not thou for peace beyond thyself, Nor lay thy sorrows on another's care; For as thou sowest also shalt thou reap, And all thy blessings shall be as thy prayer.



Peace and War.

While I through the valley stray;
There no patriot's blood doth stain,
Waving with the ripen'd grain.

Welcome rays of feeblest dawn, Ploughman to his labour drawn; Tend him, twilight, to his rest— Home with peace and plenty blest.

Hark! how childhood's voices rise, Greeting sire with wanton eyes; Oh! may mad war's murderous din Never damp the hearts within! Like as in Arcadia's dell,
Here lay swains on asphodel,
Amorous with the maids till eve,
Nought their throbbing hearts to grieve.

Morning dawns with promise bright: Noonday burfts in dazzling light: Evening's glories prophesy Joys that in the future lie.

Tinkling sheepbells wake the air, Weary herds wend to their lair; Soon will all the hamlet sleep, Dream of harvests yet to reap.

Harvests yet to reap perchance! Ah! like thought's unmeasur'd glance Pass'd the war-fiend that same night, Mark'd the valley for his blight. Stop my lift'ning ears, O Wind! Drown the sick'ning groans, that find Only dying echoes faint, None to help, nor sage, nor saint.

Hide thy pitying eye, O Star! Thou can'st only weep afar, Adding tears to woe's sad tale; Weep not, lest your lustre fail.

Ah! 'tis useless, maiden fair, What heed Despots for thy care? Infant's breath against the gale More than Angels' tears avail.

Angels pleading cannot quell Foul ambition, born of Hell; Spirit of a happier day! Haste and take the scourge away.

Minter.

A day too soon thou comest not;
Icy though thy mission be,
It lends enchantment to our lot.

Grieve we not that brighter hours

Have yielded to thy darkened sway;
In the light of ceaseless sun

We should long for gloomy day.

Changing sons of earth, we gain
Our life and force from fitful change;
Hope dies not o'er present joy,
But spreads her wings new realms to range.

Whitened fields and leafless trees, And rivers palsied in their flow, Silent birds and withered flowers, Preach their sober truths, I trow. Youth is past and manhood spent,
Life's foundation-stones are laid;
Age, like Winter, lives upon
The treasured stores its toils hath made.

Mark the calm of later years!
Within the breast of age doth dwell
Wisdom from the strifes of time
More than feeble tongue can tell.

Art thou, Winter, child of death?

Is desolation's home thy choice?

Oh! no; from thy icy caves

There echoes far the living voice.

Art thou wrapp'd in heedless fleep?

Are all thy senses fleeped in dreams;
Is indeed thy spirit fled,

And Death triumphant as it seems?

No! for nature hath no death: Winter stores her newer life,

Just as freedom's birth is nigh In the deadliest of the strife.

Thus as year by year thou seal'st

The willing earth with icy hand,
Pledge we see of higher life,
As breakers burst upon the strand.

What a world of mystery

For ever binds our mortal eyes!

Our highest blessings ever are

The least our blinded senses prize.



Hature's call to Duty.

NON the mountain wraps itself in gloom, And from the horizon fades its lovely form;

As some proud vessel furls its fairy sails, Or timid bird avoids the coming florm.

Why, lordly mountain, hide thyself in shade,
Like giant form within a funeral shroud?

"I live not to myself," I hear reply,
"Go ask the fleeting shadows of the cloud."

Why, crystal ocean, art thou changeful too,
Like rapid fits of passion's crimson'd throes?
Art not thou monarch as the lion bold,
Whose forest home no rival ever knows?

And every rippling wave on shingly beach,
Or cave, where old Cephisian Echo dwells,
Or Summer's radiance, then of Winter's gloom,
And every changing sky the story tells.

And then I ask the wide eternal sky—
"Why shed awhile this sadness, then this glee?"
And softly as a zephyr's breath—a voice,
"Ask why the valleys breathe their gloom to

- me."
- "For thence the silvery rivers gain their force,

 "And ambient air its bosom'd store of dew;
- "And gently through the ungrateful earth they

pour

"Their bounteous riches ever fresh and new."

Type of the ever wise and humble heart,
Ye lovely valleys 'neath the ambitious rocks!
Whose barren peaks mock e'en the lofty heaven,
Whilft your fair pastures feed a thousand
flocks.

Curs'd is the pride that binds the noblest powers
Of heart and mind beneath a vain pretence;
That quickens at the empty forms of pomp,
But scorns the teachings of the inner sense.

Oh! could we learn that Nature hath a voice,
That day and night enjoins our humble part,
How oft, when sorrow comes, the kindly hand
Would then arrest the teardrops as they start!

For Nature well fulfils God's kindly law;
The fruits in season grace the fertile clod;
And midst it all the brooklet hath its song,
And all things flow to, as they spring from,
God.





The Two Reapers.

HRUST in your sickle and reap!

Leave nothing to glean behind!

For there is in that cot the harvest stands,

The sheaf is ready to bind.

Heed not the living who weep!

Be deaf to the mother's cries!

Haste ere an angel of strength appear

To waken the slumbering eyes.

Away with the worthless dust!
Who dares to dispute my reign?
The world is a storehouse built for me
To garner the golden grain.

I gather the ripen'd sheaves:

The living obey my call:

Man measures his own dark dwelling-place,
And weaves his own funeral pall.

Thus Death, in his foul array,
Bade a skeleton reaper nigh
To await his victim's lingering gasp,
While he watched with gluttonous eye.

Fair angel of light, away!

Bear her lightly on thy wing!

Soothe now her last moments with thy breath—

The soft balm that spirits bring.

As light as a summer bird Mounts merrily from its neft, Did that saintly reaper hasten from His abode of distant rest.

Not a reaper he like Death, But a kindly husbandman, Who gathers his vineyard's ripened fruits With what tenderness he can.

Like a bark that safely bears

Her rich freight through florm and calm,
Did that reaper bear this treasure up

Where no sufferings more can harm.

So like a bird's soft flight

To its soft and shaded nest,

In the haven that bounds the voiceless stars,

May we pass to our needful rest.





The Strife of the Flowers.

ELIEVE my story, sons of men!
I pass'd one summer's day
A little Paradise of flowers,
That charmed me with their colours gay;
Their fragrance filled the heated air,
It wafted from the sod
Quite heavenwards, where unfading flowers
Adorn the Paradise of God.

My fancy thought that Eden left
These tokens at its gates,
And that each exile flower now weeps,
And to re-enter fondly waits.
But oh! how soon pervading guilt
Beclouds the finless life!

The incense offered from the flowers Was tainted with their wearying strife.

And thus the woful strife began,
Born of the pride of place—
Foul spirit, haunting e'en the flowers,
Where all was beauty, sweetness, grace:—
The rose with anger burned to see
The lily, saintly white,
Plucked by the gentle Princess' hand,
While she escaped her fight.

On each fide, warlike, ranged the flowers, With standards,—lily, rose,
And Flora saw her daughters fair
A battle-field of direst foes.
And I gazed on with wonderment,
Grieved at the deadly spoil,
And felt how bitter were the fruits
That grow apart from heavenly soil.
How oft, where beauteous forms inspire
High thoughts of truth and love,
Our hearts would fain believe the fire

Were kindled from above:
We live amid a mirage land
Where sandy deserts gleam,
And phantasms lure the heated brain
Like joys within a dream.

'Tis ever thus with blinded man,
Forgetting what is great,
He pants to bask in royal eyes,
Or share the pomp of state.
But greatness, Conscience gives to spring
From Duty's hallowed ways,
As beauties from the humblest flowers
Before the brightest rays.





The Broken Pyacinth.

EAR the casement of my study,
Where the early sunbeams fall,
And the cheery birds of Springtime
Answer to my welcome call;
There I placed my hyacinth,
Tender flower of purple hue,
And I doted on its beauty—
Emblem of the good and true.

Then my mind, with lightsome fancy, Dwelt on fabled, claffic days; All their mighty deeds of conquest, And their sweet immortal lays. Great Apollo's lute was wakened In my fancy's freakish mood; Then no longer did I wonder Hyacinthus' heart was moved.

For the fabled flory tells us
Fair Apollo loved the boy,
And his ardent love was quickened
More by jealousy's alloy.
For Zephyrus loved him dearly,
But despairing of his suit,
Slew dear Hyacinthus, sporting,
As March nips the budding fruit.

Oh! Zephyrus, wind of twilight, Whom the gentlest seek to kiss; Whom to woo, when Sol's descended, Is to bathe in seas of bliss; This thy ruthless deed Zephyrus? Oh! then what of coarser things? Fond affection, when 'tis blighted, Sorrow upon sorrow brings.

Thus as fancy kept on weaving, I, in mute enjoyment flood, Gazing on my purple flow'ret Till it seemed Hyacinthus' blood; Then I cast my window open Softest breeze of eve to gain; When, alas! the gust that swept in, Snapp'd my hyacinth in twain.

Then I thought my heedless fancy Linked the present with the past; For my hyacinth was victim, Like Apollo's, to the blast. So indeed does fate ordain it, That the idol loves we rear, Like the glows of orient sunrise Shall but beam to disappear.

Hyacinth of budding Spring-time! Blooming ere the summer's sun Kisses all the wanton flow'rets, Too, too soon thy course is run! As the sad Laconian maidens, Lingered near Hyacinthus' grave, So would we of stricken genius Fragrance from his memory save.

3. Bird's Rest.

HAT architect, with well matured plans, Could vie with this attractive symmetry, And raise so light a structure and so sure, On slender beams that sway with every breeze? So snug and smooth is it within, that one Inspires from it a deeper love of home, And longs to share in all its perfectness. Scarce one insinuating drop of rain Can scare the simple life that breathes within; For overhead a canopy of leaves, So carelessly disposed, yet each soft blade O'erlapping other, that a compact roof Of velvet green secures from nature's frown; But not from ruthless hand of cruelty, That with one grasp makes vain the work of days, Creates a song of woe where bright-eyed joy Was budding into summer ecstacy. Learn life's economy, ye thriftless, here! No sprig too sightless for an honoured place, Or woolly fragment for the cushioned bed.

Art thou discouraged oft by adverse fate?
Through what inclement days the patient bird
Piles up with care the units of its home!
Wilt thou less strong appear, when rest
Eternal interests in stern Duty's scale?
Speckled, or white, or blue as southern skies,
Each egg brings newer grace to all within;
So every holy thought thou utterest may
Within thy home lure tenderest hearts to bring
Such fresh'ning charms a world cannot supply.



The Bells.

could listen to your measure
All a summer's lingering day,
Till your waves of joyous music
Carried all my griefs away.

Power there dwells within your pealing To relieve the imprison'd heart. Ah! that ever cruel distance Your soft tones should rudely part!

Worship, pleasure, all men doeth Gain from you sweet sympathy; Joys and pains with even balance Share your varying melody.

Happy bells! your voice is human, Striking chords within the breast; When our needful labour wearies, We can find in you our rest. Oft when grim despair is hurling Some faint soul in dark abyss, Then as if despair you're chiding, You reveal some hidden bliss.

Harbingers of brighter seasons!
Whilst foul darkness reigns around,
Cease ye not your prophesying—
"Light shall everywhere abound"!

How Earth's meaner things remind us Of the world beyond our view! Types of highest joys surround us, Glimpses of the good and true.

Oh! that with your tuneful ringing,
Our whole lives would thus agree!
Then, in truth, would fall with pleasure
Your refreshing melody.



By the River.

(Written on the banks of the Trent, at Clifton Grove, the favourite haunt of the poet Kirke White)

ULL, fresh, and pure as childhood's morn, Ere guilt bedims its sinless brow,

The waters with the sunbeams play, Toss'd by the Naiads fair below.

Spirits of fair, enchanting mould

For ever haunt thy sandy shore;

Their songs he heard whose voice is mute,

Whose saintly form is seen no more.

Dear Kirke White! child of purest song!

If distant spirits aught inspire,

Yield me one echo from thy voice!

One touch from thy celestial lyre!

Here where the mirroring river glides, Thy feet with pious awe have trod, Waiting to sip the streams that flow Through the fair city of our God.

As from the hills where pure winds blow,

The river brings its bosom'd ftore,

Thy soul its priceless riches drew

Close by Heaven's high and hallowed door.

Oh! fleeting river, too, too well
Thou shadowest our poor little day;
Quickly as sunshine yields to gloom,
Our dubious pleasures pass away.

Then shall we for the haven toil,

Toiling and toiling evermore,

And yet the deep'ning shadows hide

Our rest upon the distant shore ?

No! surely reft when toil is o'er, Will steep our wearied limbs in bliss, As childish troubles vanish soon, Forgotten in a mother's kiss.

Repine not then neglected one!

Virtue and Truth have ever flood,
Folly must sink beneath the wave,
And Wisdom ride upon the flood.

Act with a single heart and eye! What if the river's loft in sea! We live not for ourselves but all, As years make up infinity.





The Newdroy and the Thorn.

HE meads were clothed with freshest dew,

A crystal dewdrop, trembling, hung Upon a slender thorn.

Bright rainbow hues filled all my soul With floods of inward bliss; Like flowery perfumes felt within The gardens of Semiramis.

Glad visions thrilled my heart with joy;
I wondered that the morn
Should bring such joy from simple things—
A dewdrop and a thorn.

But Nature teems with richest stores, Her sympathy but waits To pour its balm of healing forth, Fresh as from Eden's gates.

My joy was like a Winter's day,
That quickly wanes to night;
The luckless dewdrop on the thorn
Soon left my wond'ring sight.

The thorn pierced through the pearly heart
Of that once beauteous form,
And left it like a scattered wreck—
The vestige of a ftorm.

The singing-bird forgot its tune,

The rainbow hues had fled,

Bright morning draped itself in gloom,

As men mourn for the dead.

Alas! thought I, our life is cast Mid light and darkest shade, No sooner does the flow'ret bloom Before its petals fade.

But though our spirits like the gold
In hottest fire are tried,
This consolation soothes the heart—
That Truth will e'er abide.





Pebbles.

and my darling sought pebbles,

Left strewn by the troublous tide;

And he stored them within his frail basket,

Then counted them o'er in his pride.

Here is one radiant with colours,

Like hues of the fast waning day!

And see how it sparkles, my Father!

When dipp'd in the timorous spray.

Yes, child! the pebble hath yielded
Its dazzling bosom of light
From the ceaseless tossings of ocean,
Before it hath gladden'd thy sight.

See, in the basket thou holdest,
One newly cast from the shore,
Like a slender skiff first on the waters,
Aghast at the sea's sullen roar!

Shapeless and hueless it waiteth

Its life on the surf-stricken beach,

Then cast it away to its fellows,

And bid it perfection soon reach!

We, too, my darling, must struggle

The beauties of manhood to gain

From the strife of the world's restless ocean,

Or the sleepless pallet of pain.

Seek thou the jewel of Patience!
Softly yet brightly it burns,
And the husks of a cheerless poverty
To luxurious plenty turns.

Seek, too, the jewel of Courage! For battling oft with the wave,

Braves the heart to the fight's thickest struggle, And deafens when cruel winds rave.

And Courage and Patience together, Are plants of a rich, golden soil; For the fruits of the nobleft genius Oft yield to the triumphs of toil.





Reeds.

HE pliant reeds beside the stream
Stoop gently to the passing storm;
And shape themselves like lowly age,
Or Poverty's decrepit form.

What though more flately stems uprise
On plains where fair flocks gently feed,
My sympathies will fondly cling
Around the ruftling, waving reed.

Oh! slender ever yielding reeds!
Ye chide our selfish pride,
Which fain would press all to its will,
And span it with Colossus stride.

Your weakness is your sturdiest strength;
As patience ever wins from pain
The wished-for antidote, or flowers
Spring smiling after Winter's rain.

I've seen uprooted trees of strength
Laid prostrate by the mighty blast,
The helpless vessel, haven-brought,
With useless helm, or shattered mast.

I've seen huge Babel towers brought low, And flood-gates burst with giant ease, Like bubbles cast by childish hands, Or blossoms by the fluttering breeze.

But reeds keep league with higher will;
As poor but sainted souls of earth
Hold converse sweet, unseen, unheard,
With spirits of a sinless birth.

For half life's victories are won By silent suffering of woe; The calm endurance of life's ills
Will pluck the sting from many a foe.

Then as the clouds of sorrow blow,
As little as the sea-bird heeds,
I'll bow and let the tempest pass,
As harmless as o'er trembling reeds.



Grass.

HERE no bright flowers grace the spot,
And toiling children pass,
In ripe luxuriance there waves
'The unadorned grass.

The larkling frames her shady neft Amid its tresses long, Trimming her wings for higher flight, Her voice for sweeter song.

Full o'er the streamlet's brink it bends;
Each tender emerald blade
The dancing ripples fondly kiss,
As lover gentle maid.

No fairy visitant of love,
With heart and hand to save,
Is found with early flowers to deck
The outcast pauper's grave.

But grass, the heritage of all, Springs o'er his nameless tomb, And, like a Prophet, sees the day Arise to cheer his gloom.

Ever the sympathising grass

Cheers by the broad wayside,

Where children twine it into wreaths,

In sport at eventide.

As fleeting years diminish not The memory of the blest; As Truth is sullied not by time, Nor wearied suns crave rest;

So doth the faded grass unfold

More sweetness than in life;
Like Virtue gained from ceaseless pain,
Or Peace from wearying strife.

To my Imprisoned Thrush.

AVIS! thy song upbraids me as it rings
From out thy enclosing bars of dingy wire;
Thy tender bosom pants for other scenes,
As thoughts of home thy recollections fire.

This is no place, methinks, for those sweet tones, Offspring of sunnier realms, where each glad day

Brought thee new bliss within thy scented bowers,

Far from the crowded city, far away.

I feel half self-condemn'd by thee, sweet bird!
For here the joys of careless liberty
Surround me, whilst to thee I've heedless brought
Bonds of the serf, whose right is to be free.

Dost thou remember, when upon that day

Thy sire enchanted me beneath the tree,

And tempted me to bring thee, fledgling then,

To snatch an echo of his melody?

For I am bound within the city's walls

Where Nature yields to Mammon's selfish
sway,

And no refreshing green, or voice like thine, Charms the return of each oppressive day.

I will repay thee with much tenderness
For all the pleasures of thy captive song,
And haste, with joy, to share thy company,
From the vain converse of the godless throng.

And if, perchance, with offices all kind,
I gently tend thy little life each day,
Thou wilt forget the bitter parting hour
When from thy downy home thou pass'd
away.

And so right happily we both shall reft;
Thou with no other longing to be free,
Than here to echo thy fond sire's old song
In the sweet strains of some new melody.



The Schoolmuster's Ebening Reberie.

E parted with a prayer, and even yet

The tones ring sweetly in my murmuring ears;

Who knows, but He, the heart's sole Comforter, What griefs may cluster round their tender years? May He, by whom the raven's fed, Give them each day their needful bread!

Here in the bosom of the balmy eve,
When Nature lends her aid to wayward man
To measure daily work by Duty's rule,
And all his dubious actions closely scan,
I rest and hope for higher strength
As days in Spring increase in length.

How hard for tender minds the mount to climb, Where Knowledge keeps her rich and gorgeous state!

Within their fancy doleful fhades appear, Like those where watchful Cerberus keeps the gate.

Oh! lead them gently to the hill Of wisdom there to drink their fill.

How hard for me, Life's pilgrim, weary, sad!
The mirage colors faint each step we gain:
Can Knowledge then assuage the unhealing wound,

Or outward antidote soothe inward pain ?

No! beyond Knowledge lies the fount
To which our spirits long to mount.

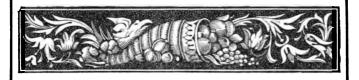
There pass'd the orphan through the arching door,

Along his weary path to where the smile No more of mother gladdens his wan face, Or Father's pranks the short-lived evening while. Oh! that some power could once more give His golden joys again to live!

Methinks earth's deepest tragedies oft act
Their counterpart within my little world,
As when a storm-cloud frowns wide overhead
We think the curtains of the night unfurled.
But soon the kindly breezes blow,
And gloom our hearts no longer know.

So will I hope though threatening clouds fore-bode

Dark intervals of soul-depressing care;
The smallest grains survive mid Winter's frost,
And wave right joyously in Autumn fair.
Beat high my heart! let nought dismay
Thy longings for the future day.



The Dying Knight:—A Vision of the Hew Pear.

HE night on which the Old Year died,
The crispy snow lay wide and deep;
And on my bed prophetic dreams
And shadowy visions broke my sleep.

I saw upon a couch of death A ghastly and enseebled knight; And wrinkled furrows on his cheeks, Bespoke life's fierce and dubious fight.

A tender child stood by his side, A stranger to this world of strife; And him the ghastly knight address'd In words to guide his dawning life.

- " Buoyant like thee, my gentle child,
- " I flarted from the shore of time,
- " And all seemed joyous, and anon
- "The bells rang out a merry chime.
- " Boyhood and youth passed quickly o'er,
- " Then manhood with its ripened fruit;
- " And age, like Autumn's withered branch,
- " And falling leaves in russet suit.
- " I pass away, as ebbing tides
- "Flow to the wide, unbroken sea;
- "The flood brought produce to the lands,
- " And scattered fair fertility.
- " Pass on my child! the tide is high,
- "The world's great heart is beating loud;
- " Pass on! thy giant hand shall raise
- "The fainting heart, and bow the proud."

And here the child with glistening eye And wild impassioned tone began :—

- " Father, I'll start from this wild shore
- "And bind the world with noble plan.
- "The sceptred despot's iron sway
- " Shall tremble in my withering sight,
- " And Liberty, with Victor's wreath,
- "Shall celebrate the power of Right."
- " Brave child!" the dying knight replied,
- "Thy work is great, the time is short;
- " But from the grains of tiny seed
- "The harvest joyfully is brought."

And then the gloomy shadows fell Around the enseebled ghastly knight; And bore him, as the clouds oft bear A star from man's enchanted sight.

Among the spirits of the past I saw him laid with funeral state;

And one with iron pen did write
"Here lies the good, the true, the great."

But beaming with the joy of youth, The child gazed toward the sea of time; And waking here, I saw no more, But heard the Happy New Year's Chime.





The Dying Pear's Lament.

AINTED visions, dazzling hopes, Urged me from the shore of time; Like two wedded hearts of youth, Starting 'neath a merry chime.

Vaunting son of noble sire, I could not my weakness scan; My young heart would satisfy All the yearning hopes of man.

Louder than an ocean's ire, When a fierce wind beats its breast, Did I boast my power to yield To the world its wished-for rest. As ere hawthorn buds appear, Birds bespeak the happy Spring, So the dawn of brighter day Thus prophetic did I sing:—

- " Liberty shall live,
- " I will break its chain;
- " Pyramids of glory shall
- " Rise above the slain.
- " Ancient Victor's wreath
- " Shall adorn the Right;
- "Sunlight of the fullest day
- " Chase away the night."

Peace I fain would leave behind, But foul strife and deadly rout Mock my narrowing hours of life, With a frenzied martial shout.

Yet though myriad years have pass'd, Unknown cycles still may be, And fair peace may rest afar, Like the calm of lowest sea.

As from dark clouds on the hills, Fancy frames a dizzy height, Baffling human skill to reach, Aided by a giant's might,

Till a fresh breeze clears the air, And the dingy folds of night Leave the happy flowery hills Full before our ravished sight;

So in truth dread sorrow bears Phantom forms about the heart; Think we then no light can pierce, No bright joy the shadows part.

Ah me! how my heart is sick! I must reach the solemn grave, Ere my world hopes bear their fruit, Or my hand the nations save. Yet within the womb of time, Shapeless forms of might may sleep; Jewels of the rarest dye Cast their brightness in the deep.

Age on age will tribute bring, Many tides will ebb and flow, Ere the battle cry shall cease, Or the cannon's deadly glow.

Wildly ring then measured bells! Child of Hope, shed no vain tear! Wildly ring my corse to rest, Welcome in a happier year!





The Fireside.

H! nought is so dear as the homely fireside,

The birthplace of hope, and the refuge of age, The altar of worship, the cradle of love, A haven of safety our fears to assuage.

Some happy day gone do we wish to recall?

Do we wish o'er the past to shed one trembling tear?

Round the fireside's circle we first draw around, And softly and low we breathe hope in each ear.

Do we need solemn counsel in trial's sad hour, When ills like a storm-cloud have threatened our peace? Oh! then from a dear mother's sainted lips flow The words that can make our dark forebodings cease.

Our fond household treasures there cluster around,

More precious than trophies men rear in their pride;

Whilst the earliest prayers that from infant lips flow,

Receive their first impulse around the fireside.

If as pilgrims we roam where the sun's gorgeous rays

Shine on rivers that gently through golden fields glide,

Our fond spirits will not be comforted there, But wing their swift flight to the dear fireside.

Then glitter ye palaces, glitter and glow With all the vain tinsel that gold can provide! No labour, no art, but affection's fond care Can make ought like the cottager's sacred fireside.

When death, by dread lot, takes a lamb from our fold,

And we mourn as the tears from our bloodless cheeks glide,

We count the sad loss by the gap which is made In the circle surrounding our homely fireside.



The Tide: 3 Vision of the Future.



ER the yielding sand as the tide came murmuring in,

Thoughtful on the shore I watched its play
With the fresh'ning breeze, from old ocean's
fertile breast,

Like the infant beams of a bright meridian day.

Late I saw the beach deserted, wild and strewn With decaying wrecks of sickening life; And I sorely wept as a fond heart ever grieves, When Love sinks beneath the chaos of old strife.

Then the burden'd ship rode majestic from the shore,

As in wild delight to reach a ftrand,

Where her beauty's glow dull change might never know,

And her form defy Time's slow corroding hand.

THE TIDE: A VISION OF THE FUTURE. 193

From the yielding sand slowly crept the subtle tide,

As it gently sought another sphere;

Like the hastening swallows leaving darken'd days behind,

When old Winter claims the dying year.

On the ebbing breast of that tide I would have flow'd

Where it brings its ever fresh'ning store;

And 'tween sea and sky, where rings the seabird's cry,

Would I think of earth-lore nevermore.

There I fain would wait till the high and gushing tide

Flood the needy land with all generous bequest, Till it drown the sorrows of a care-bestricken world,

And supply for heaviness the lightsome crown of rest.

For that tide shall surely flow though it tarry long,

Error shall be vanquish'd like the night, When Aurora lifts Nature's high obscuring veil, Cheering waiting eyes with her dew-bespangled sight.

Reverence shall enfold man's spirit like the air, Thought and life absorbing in its bound; Every gentle odour and secret whispering wind, Making earth like Eden's holy ground.

Peace shall clasp the nations in her calm forgiving arms,

War shall crouch like wild beasts 'rest of prey; And the cry of want shall cease throughout the land,

In the blissful dawning of that day.

The Chimes : 3 Prophetic Lay.

ITHIN the ivy tower,
Grey with the rust of time,
The ringers rang right lustily
The bells in merry chime.

Sweet on the distant ear
The dulcet measure fell,
And gladdened, as it swept along,
The cotters in the dell.

And yet it seemed to mock
The spirit of the times;
I could not find a link to join
Sad hearts with merry chimes.

For far within the West, War's tumult rises high, And in the East Sarmatia groans For long lost liberty.

Here hunger lean and wan Stalks in the harvest time; And toilers tread the silent streets Amid the sessive chime.

And yet the merry bells Rang out their silver lay, As when a mighty victory's won, And men make holiday.

Surely I did misjudge: These are the golden times; Sorrow was never wedded yet To words in joyous rhymes.

Within the 'ivy tower I solved this secret thing; The ringers said three messengers Had bidden them to ring.

Fair Charity was one, That with outfiretched hand Arrested Hunger's cruel march, And bless'd the suffering land. Faith, with her trufting heart, Cried "flurdy ringers, ring! These are but times of change, That better will bring in."

Hope saw the day draw nigh, And said "ring loud and clear! Banish all weary sadd'ning thought, Let joy succeed to fear."

So through the lightsome air Burst forth the happy lay; And then I bless'd those bells of hope That rang a better day.





Zutumn.

IKE sorrow's chilling blafts, so Winter broods

With snowy wings o'er all the deaden'd earth; The voice of joyous birds is tuneless then, And sadness lingers o'er the tomb of mirth.

But not in vain is Winter rude and wild, Nor vain its beauty, robed in cheerless power; Leafless the trees, and mute the brooklet's song, But deep within dwells Autumn's golden dower.

Spring, cheerful Spring, the promise glad beftows, With early pledge of sainted snowdrop's bloom; Like angel footprints towards a sunnier clime, Beyond the fitful shadows of the tomb. Summer's full radiance to the careless mind, Yields all the richest fruits and spoils of years; But Summer fades ere ripened fields appear, As human bliss oft follows floods of tears.

Not in the darkened days of Winter's rule, Nor in the Springtime's throbbing pulse of joy, Nor in the Summer doth the yellow grain Heave like a golden sea without alloy.

Autumn, like age, yields fruits of wisdom's ftore; It builds a palace by the toil of years; While peace o'er wisdom spreads her softest wings,

And soothes our age, and calms our latest fears.

Wisdom must grow, and grow by care alone, As strength doth wax by deeds of valiant might; The brightest day by mellowing tones doth rise From out the deepest shadows of the night.

The Workman's Song.

ORROW surely leads to joy,
As sunshine follows rain;
Pleasures have no meaning but
Developments of pain.
Bear with patience, bear and wait;

Sorrow to real joyousness is a golden gate.

Toil to ease and competence
E'er works its steady way;
Sweat of honest labour doth
Bring in the harvest day;
Work with patience, work and wait;
For the guerdon toil doth bring mocks the regal state.

Knowledge hath no gilded ways That reach its treasur'd ftore; Step by step of painful thought Is yet the only door. Work with patience, then the light

Comes as comes the morning beams on the

gladsome sight.

Patriot blood must yet be shed,
And nations meet in strife;
Then the world shall, Phœnix-like,
Arise to newer life.
Courage, Patriot! for thy might
Makes the dream shadows, yield to the creen

Makes the dreary shadows yield to the creeping light.

Sons of toil! where'er ye be,
While the sun is in his might
Labour; for no harvest crowns
The feeble mournful night—
Night, when all is sad and low,
And the embers flickering burn out their
ghastly glow.

The Bridge.

OT time's decaying ruft, old Bridge!

Nor the swift flowing, scattering ftream,
Hath dimm'd thy face with wrinkled age,
Or roused thee from thy ancient dream.

Oft hast thou heard the lengthened tales My grandsires told, which fancy gay Weaves ever from the fertile past, To while each Summer's eve away.

Thou seem'st unchanging with the years, Like essence of the unseen soul, Which bears its image varied not As empires fall, or ages roll.

And thus I love thee, dear old Bridge!

For I would find this wide world o'er,

Some type of a continued home,

Unseen in philosophic lore.

As broken hearts have lingered here,
Each curving arch that spann'd the stream,
Seem'd to unite their shattered hopes,
Like woes forgotten in a dream.

The village maids, with anxious eye,
Oft trace thy waters clear and free;
And as within their lovetides flow,
Sigh each "Oh, is such joy for me!"

Here, too, impatient age can find Some glimpses of its future rest; For that small stream rests in the sea As infant on its mother's breast.

Bright moments they when on the brink
I gladden'd at my mirror'd sight;
Oh! that sweet childhood's dreamless sleep
Would bless us in our manhood's night.

How oft I've prayed my boyish soul Would now inspire me at my prime, And cast all sorrow from my heart,

And sadness from my simple rhyme!

Yet as I on the bridge now rest,
And summon all the buried years,
I seel the past is not redeemed
By shedding sloods of idle tears.

Some flower, though drooping, we have seen Revive with bloom of richest hue, Until no perfume vied its own, Nor peer for beauty near it grew.

Oh! children of a vain despair,
Why drink not hope from such a fount,
And like the fabled bird of old,
Anew from your own ashes mount?

Our fate is but our shadowed acts;
We weave the warp that binds our life;
Be strong, and know that higher faith
Is born of deeper inner strife.



My Child's Grabe.

IS hallow'd ground to me,
That narrow lowly bed;
And though the years have pass'd away,
I cannot think him dead.

His silvery voice I hear At morn, and noon, and eve; And though his form is imaged oft, My soul doth ever grieve.

Oh! cruel, cruel morn!
That snatch'd him, and then shone
As when upon a nuptial day
A fairy bride is won.

I thought it mocked my grief, For all was sad within; But perhaps, withal, such joyousness Attends our flight from sin.

I lov'd him with a love
Of angels, pure in heaven;
And thought that for a gracious end
He by kind Heaven was given.

But now he's gone! and tears
My careworn cheeks doth lave,
Oh! none can tell what sympathies
Rest round a dead child's grave.

I've planted near his stone
The rose and lily fair;
And that no weeds may nestle
Is my first and latest care.

While yet the morn is young, And dewbeads grace his bed, I wander there, and tarry till The last gray streaks have fled.

Yet grieve not stricken heart! But bless Who took and gave; For yet, in truth, the fairest hopes Rest o'er a dead child's grave.



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Lings it was as respections.

And from my peace some soluce gain.

Image of the Present Day!

Every sur that glows on thee,

Fredhess from thy losson springs,

As new-field I limbs from tree to tree.

Image of the Darkened Past!

Every wave that laves thy shore,
Tells of buried hopes and joys,
And sings their dirge for evermore.

Image of the Coming Day! How the Patriot's soul, in thee, Sees his country rise to life, Like thy own surges, wild and free!

Wonder not that mortals gaze, Gazing, lose themselves in thee; Thou the type of beauty art, And symbol of the brave and free.

Lash thy shores, or calmly rest, Bask in sunshine, hide in night; Mirror sky or stars from thee, For ever welcome to the sight!

Oh! that man could be like thee, When his reddened passions glow; Then, though tempests raged above, Perpetual calm would dwell below.



A Complaint.

"Venus ipsa, rident Simplices nymphæ, ferus et Cupido, Semper ardentes acuens sagittas Cote cruenta."

Hor.: Book ii. 8.

OVE is like a Summer's rose,
Budding, blooming, then it goes
'Mid its victim's dying throes.

Love is like to surging tides, The youthful swain its coming bides; Then it ebbs and him derides. Love is like to mid-day light, Gilding Nature, dazzling sight; Then it wains and ushers night.

Love is like a Winter's Sun, Piercing all the vapoury dun To tempt weak flowrets, then to run.

Cruel love! some looming day
Thy false heart will well repay
With a pain none can allay.



Echo.

NCIENT Echo, tell-tale nymph, Daughter of the air and sky, Lingereth by the world's highway, Where each mortal passeth by.

There she catcheth up each breath, In its unseen, subtle flight;; As Aurora's chariot glides Past the wild unwelcome night.

Break not thou the tender heart By a word unkindly cast Like an arrow from the bow, Or a fierce Eolian blast!

Hearts have echoes like the hills, Bosom'd in their narrow sphere; Echoes joyous, echoes sad Born of love or coward fear. For as wavelets on the shore, Print the shifting, yielding sand, Or a gentle mother soothes Her darling with a tender hand;

Voices echo from within, As we touch the heart's soft lyre; Anger lifts his lowering brow 'Neath Love's ever quickening fire.

Saintly presence, holy thought, Deeds of worth in guilty days; Like an echo shall return, Justifying Wisdom's ways.





On the Sands.

ERE far and wide upon the sparkling sands,

Groups of gay children wander at their will, Mingling their laughter with the wild bird's shriek,

Or sound more solemn of the reftless wind. What joy to trace upon the yielding sand, Some simple form or more familiar name, Or frame a mimic sea on which to float The slender craft their fancy frames as great As ever cleft the real sea, or brought Rich freights from Ind or barbarous Cathay!

Heedless they watch the angry, jealous waves Blot out the faintest trace of their rude art; Some newer sport supplants the perish'd old, And each young spirit mounts to richer joy. Condition blest! for none would bring to them One day too soon the careful thoughts of man. Ah me! we fret and care to seal our work With adamantine signet on a shore That shifts ere hardly we have seebly press'd One mark upon its treacherous slippery face.

The world is but a dimly lengthening shore
Where each would leave his monument behind,
That sons unborn may note who once was there
And offer up the incense due to worth.
But can that river 'yond its lingering fall,
Trace in the absorbing sea its crystal flood?
Or 'mid the silvery tributes others bring
Boast that its own ranks high above them all?
So must we ceaseless work that one blest whole,
May rise unsullied from our lowly toil.

A word, though scarce its subtle wings of air, Have caught the answering glance of babyhood; A thought, as secret as a spirit's tread
Through the long mystic pathways of grim space;
A sigh, which none can hear save He who bends
As low as human want and care demand;
These with a giant's hand for ever grave
An impress deep'ning with eternity.



The Spirit of Spring.

INDING Winter speeds away,
Streamlets by the rushes play,
The mavis tunes his echoing flute,
Nature dons her verdant suit.

Lambkins sport in dewy mead, Tender as a trembling reed, All heedless in their playful mood, Like the joys of babyhood.

In the embosom'd grove is shed Perfume from the violet bed; To thee it will its sweetness lend If thou to its stature bend.

Gently o'er this meadow pass!

For within the tusted grass

The trusting lark hath placed his nest,
As upon maternal breast.

From that little mound of earth Springs a gushing fount of mirth; Surely thou hast, passing by, Caught its influence from the sky.

Grudge him not his lowly bed!
One false, thoughtless, wayward tread
May crush his hopes of summer glee,
Stem his flood of melody.

Say ye 'tis a trivial thing?

Heaven designs that such shall bring
The weightiest blessings to our lot,
Dwellers in hall or lowly cot.

Sip the joys, O weary age! Let sweet Spring thy care assuage! Thy sandglass, with its lessening grains, Fresh'ning lease of vigour gains.

Take thy fill of gladness, youth! Ere thou prove this sadd'ning truthOur life is but a hurrying stream, Like a feverish, mirage dream.

Broken heart! thou think'st for thee No sweet song swells from the lea; Though hope now beckoning bids thee bring Sorrow 'neath her soothing wing.

Cast thy blacken'd care away! Joy in this a brighter day! So shall sweet Spring not smile in vain, Bringing respite from thy pain.

Morning.

HE dawn exultant beams at last,
And down Night's ebon wings hath cast; Like the soil'd plumage of a bird, Whom Spring in fairer robes doth gird. All night in vain the graceful flower Flaunted its beauty from the bower; For churlish Darkness grudged our sight To wanton in its fairy light. But now the dew-drop breaks the ray Far o'er the violet's scented way, Gorgeous as ever rainbow wide Spann'd the horizon in its pride. Now doth it shed its tears for joy, Free from Night's shadowing alloy; And birds chirp out their welcome high, As from the wide, emblazon'd sky Phœbus declares his reign complete, And firetches darkness at his feet.



Rest.

OW the day is dead we'll borrow
From its ashes, for the morrow,
Strength to span the weary day;
Care and pale thought's cankering measure,
Fade as twilight, at eve's leisure,
Bringing peace as dies each ray.

Votaries of midnight riot!
I would barter not my quiet
For your transient, sullied joy:
In the Poet's land I'll revel,
Where the griefs of mortals cradle,
Lotus-land without alloy.

As Night's raven wings doth waken Stars, like sparkling firedrops shaken 'Neath the Cyclops' vaulted cave; Evening thus within me genders Thoughts that cheer amid its embers, Power from grim despair to save.

Memory links with eve to brighten
All the toilsome past, and lighten
Griefs that pass not with a tear.
By the ingle-side she lingers,
Marking with prophetic fingers,
How Faith battles despot Fear.

High she lifts the mystic veiling,
Old Historic Time revealing
Bloodstained in his garb of fight;
Wrinkled, but with victory glowing,
Like a stream o'er pebbles flowing,
Mirroring yet the subtle light.

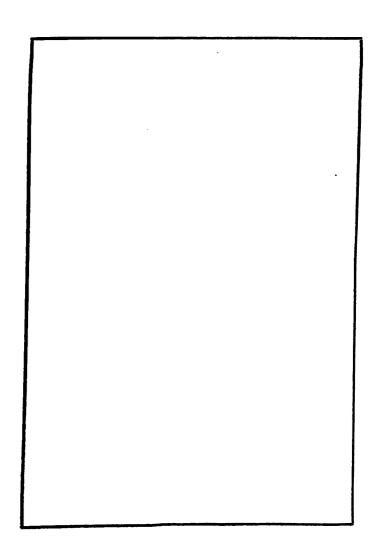
Morning hastes to offer greeting To the Noonday, in its fleeting Passage to the gilded West; Like a fluttering bird benighted, Hurrying to its young ones, frighted In their storm-tost lonely nest.

So the day speeds, dying, dying, Like a wearied hart that's flying From the wild, pursuing hound; Till kind night, within its folding, Bears it, as a shepherd holding Some lost wayward lamb he's found.

Ah! vain life, vain knowledge, pleasure, Bringing aught save Wisdom's treasure—Heaven's own gift, the choicest, best: Bear it when life's night grows dreary, Thou shalt find then, faint and weary, Eventide the gate of rest.



Notes to Beaben's Ebangel.



The Evangel of Faith.

"There in the twilight of their waning day,
They gather where their silent fathers lay,
And, lingering near, wait to be lowly laid
Within dark Kedron's vale and rocky shade."—p. 17.

The Jews have a tradition that the last Judgment will take place in the valley of Jehoshaphat. They found this notion upon Joel. iii. 2. With this conviction many pious Jews seek their last resting place in this ancient Hebrew cemetery.

"High in the jewell'd heavens the hosts of light
Enraptur'd all the giddy, wond'ring sight."—p. 19.

Professor Graves, in his able work on the Pentateuch, traces the origin of idolatry to the reverence which a corrupt world rendered to the heavenly bodies. He says, "They looked to the sun in its glory, they observed the moon and the stars walking in their brightness; they felt the benefits which through their influence were derived to men. To represent them in their absence they erected pillars and statues on the tops of hills and mountains, or on pyramids and high buildings, raised for the purpose, as

if they could thus approach nearer the presence of their divisition. It now became the interest of the prieffs to personally near that the pillars and statues partook themselves of the same sprint as the sacred objects which they represented."

"Prayer gives, ere yet from trembling lips it parts, "
les saleu, answer in all lowly hearts."—p. 22.

The value of prayer seems to have been to the Jews the lesson of the Ethylenish Captivity. Not indeed do we say that prayer was unknown before, but that now for the first time it became a special mark of their religious life. In a strange land, away from the appointed place of sactified they had no means of worship save what came from within. The vitality of Faith is wonderfully displayed here. Prayer was the offspring of their troubles and the anothree from which they sought relief.

"Nature's dim taper raised the eyes to see Only its own innate infirmity."—p. 24.

The highest triumph of Faith is witnessed in the revelation of man's immortality. Natural reason had failed to discover it. The wisest spirits of the past and of the present longed for it, but could not certify its

truth. The mission of Christ established its certainty by the wonderful signs which confirmed His mission and which are now part of the world's history, established by the same tests as those which stamp the most ordinary events of a country's life.

The Evangel of Love.

"Or polypes perfect, each a glittering gem, Spangling like flow'rets on one rock-bound stem."—p. 27.

The habitats or "polypidoms" of the polypes resemble so many miniature ferns, and might easily be mistaken for vegetable productions. One little branch of this vegetable-looking substance is the home of innumerable creatures which however are all connected by a thread with the medullary matter in the centre of the branch. Each individual polype contributes to the nourishment of its fellows by the food it secures.

"So flow'd adown the Beatific hill

A widening stream of love the world to fill,"—p. 31.

The mountain of Beatitudes, where it is supposed the Redeemer delivered his "Sermon on the Mount."

"Oh! when will those who guide our noble flate
Make for the helpless poor a better fate,
An I guard, with liberal hand, those bonds of peace,
Within whose circle war and discord cease."—p. 36.

It is surely a great dishonour to our country that no National System of Education exists among us. All that is done by the flate is merely to supplement private efforts, and that with a most niggard hand, reftrained by hard and often unintelligible conditions. Yet a fabulous amount of money is spent upon a new experiment in gunnery, or upon a new ship of war. It seems a blinded policy to make no effort to prevent those evils which the instruments of war are meant to crush when fully developed.

" the worth is fruit in other vinerards grown,

Not all our faults are outgrowths of our own."—p. 41.

Free had max been deried the light of Revelation, the read that what vertee we possess is of God, and that were reduced: are width departures from His Law, would have remarked march. "Show us a safer path and we will tread!
What! from our barren souls seek for our bread!"—p. 44.

It is the wild Shibboleth of Secularism that proclaims that man's spiritual necessities can be satisfied by a development of his own nature. It is as absurdly illogical as to say that human nature is the physician of its own disorders.

The Evangel of Poetry.

"As Thebean walls uprose at Amphion's lyre, So would my soul its tuneful measure fire From the lips honey-dew'd, that Pindar bore, Or Lesbian Sappho, whom her passion tore."—p. 55.

Lempriere informs us that when Amphion grew up he cultivated poetry, and made such uncommon progress in music that he is said to have been the inventor of it, and to have built the walls of Thebes at the sound of his lyre. Pindar was a celebrated lyric poet of Thebes. When he was young it is said that a swarm of bees settled on his lips and there left some honeycombs as he reposed on the grass. This was universally explained as a prog-

nostic of his future greatness and celebrity. Sappho, a native of the island of Lesbos, was celebrated for her beauty, her poetical talents, and her amorous disposition. She conceived such a passion for Phaon, a youth of Mitylene, that upon her rejection by him she threw herself into the sea from mount Leucas.

"Amid his wine-smear'd crew in festive glee Icarian Thespis framed his tragedy."—p. 58.

Thespis, a Greek poet of Attica, is supposed to have been the inventor of tragedy. His representations were very rude and imperfect. He went from one place to another upon a cart, upon which a stage was raised where the actors, whose saces were daubed with lees of wine, performed their parts.

"One tragic drama more, O Sophocles!

Ere yet the vigor from thy pen shall cease."—p. 61.

The allusion here is to the well known ingratitude of the children of Sophocles. Wishing to become immediate possessors of their father's property, and therefore tired of his long life, they accused him of madness before the Areopagus. The poet's defence was to read the tragedy of Edipus, which he had lately finished, and then to leave to his judges the determination of his insanity.

The Evangel of Art.

"All that is beautiful in sea or sod
Claims nearer presence to the living God."—p. 82.

The argument for the encouragement of art in the conftruction of temples of worship, is here based not merely upon the sacrifice of money and skill which is required for that purpose, but also upon the affinity which intrinsically exists between godliness itself and outward forms of beauty. The word grace in its root (Xapis) bears this signification.

"Thus will we think Protogenes that day
Mused when Apelles pass'd upon his way,
And left no name behind but one brief sign,
A perfect, matchless, and immortal line."—p. 89.

Apelles was a celebrated painter of Cos. The story of his visit to Protogenes at Rhodes is well known. Protogenes was gone from home on the arrival of Apelles. The servant desiring the name of the visitor, that she might inform her master on his return, Apelles said, "Tell him he was inquired for by this 'person'"—at the same time drawing a line of great delicacy.

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"The ground is curs'd, but curs'd to man alone."-p. 100.

This truth is a paraphrase of the Divine declaration, "Cursed is the ground for thy sake, &c." Earth was as pure and unsullied after man's fall as before it. Man fell from his pristine glory, not the earth; but as he was no longer capable of thoroughly appreciating the kindly laws which governed the earth, that which might have proved an unmixed blessing to him was the source of ungenial labour and daily care. He stood in the same relation to the world as a child in charge of a perfect machine, which in spite of its perfection would produce disastrous results under such management. This I apprehend to be the nature of the Curse spoken of in the text of Holy Writ I have quoted, and not any absolute or intrinsic blight passed upon it through the disobedience of another.

"Tis want of faith, not its full strength put out,
That meets Philosophy with halting doubt."—p. 112.

In too many cases it must be admitted with sorrow, that a spurious philosophy has often sought to destroy the outworks of Christianity, but happily always with disastrous results to the assailant. This is the secret of that long separation between the pietist and the philosopher, which has tended so much to their mutual injury. It should be the object of all good men to reconcile the two. It was

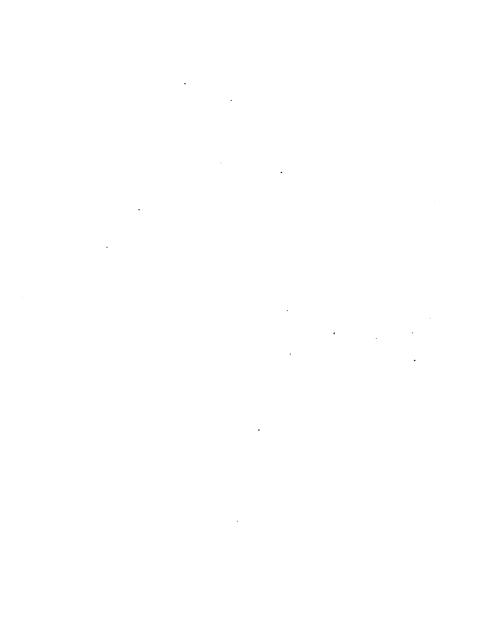
never designed that there should be any separation, but a hand-in-hand co-operation in the work of human advancement. Faith should encourage the severest philosophical test, because thereby its own position is more surely established.

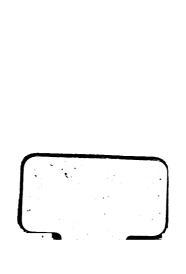
"No wide divorce, like things of mortal mould, Snapp'd the blest spirits' all embracing fold."—p. 112.

This is the chief point I have endeavoured to set forth in the poem. It is not unusual with men to exalt one branch of study above another, as if perfection lay in one particular branch rather than in the union of all.



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